

THE ROUND TABLE.

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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1866.

ILLUSTRATED SENSATIONS.

A MAN is known by the company he keeps, says the stale adage; which, like so many of the current truisms, deceives nearly as often as it instructs through the force of its exceptions. The saying is better applicable to a man's books than to his associates; since the latter he must often endure perforce, while the former are, if anything, the subjects of his own free choice. Bored in the form of bipeds we must needs sometimes submit to, but the printed nuisance we can always pitch incontinently out of the window. We are not therefore to conclude, because we see a stranger talking to a man whom we know to be a fool or a knave, that both are necessarily of the same kidney; but we have more colorable warrant for estimating the stranger's intellectual calibre when we observe the books and newspapers he habitually reads.

Assuming these premises, and setting forth by boat or rail on any much frequented line from town—the steamer for Long Branch, for example—we find a great deal of food for melancholy reflection. Here come a family, father, mother, and daughter, with their packets and boxes, bound to the sea-shore for a holiday. They are evidently people more than well-to-do in the world, well dressed throughout, not untrained in manner, in general appearance what would be called a family of refinement and good position. The young lady, more especially, attracts your regards since, in addition to the comfortable gentility of papa and mamma, she strikes you as the possessor of quite a *spirituelle* style of beauty. You find a seat not far from the group, with your own belongings, and, at well-bred intervals, you observe.

Presently the gentleman plucks forth a weekly newspaper, falls to its perusal with intense interest, and, by and by, turns toward you its front sheet. A huge cartoon covers much of the page and, coarsely vivid, stands out with a horrible distinctness. It is the representation of a murder. Somebody is after somebody else with a butcher's knife and the apparent intention of cutting his heart out. A pail—probably of blood—is upset upon the floor, and a woman appears to be hanging by her back hair to a clothes-line in the distance. Beneath this graphic but not nice effort of art the eye ranges over columns of appropriate letterpress, wherein stars and interjections, and “Die, villains!” and “Back, hell-hounds!” and “Ha! ha!” are thickly and lusciously interspersed. The gentleman is reading his favorite paper. The cares of the day over, he plunges for intellectual refreshment into the columns of the *Weekly Stabber*. With a slight sense of incongruity—as between the man's appearance and his taste—you turn to the wife of his bosom, who seems as absorbed as himself as she sits hard by.

To your chagrin—not astonishment, since if you travel much you are well used to it—the good lady is at the same sort of business. She, too, has her favorite weekly. It, also, has its cartoon. And, not to be outdone, this latter depicts a new and grotesque form of homicide. Two fiends, with withering smiles and Napoleon *Trois* beards, are holding an unfortunate by the legs—standing him upon his head to be exact—in a bath-tub, while a third—the establishment being supplied with modern improvements—turns on the boiling water. A lady in Turkish costume on the right seems to be wishing the departing one “bon voyage” in a bumper of champagne; and an inquiring bull-dog, about fourteen hands high, sits upon his haunches and surveys the scene from the left. You are not mistaken; it illustrates the new \$10,000 prize tale in the *Chambermaid's Gazette*. It is displeasing to see so ladylike a matron culling her literary flowers from such meads as these, but people were not educated thirty years ago as they are to-day, and you must make allowances. Young women of family in our time are so trained, you suggest, that their tastes at forty will run in less objectionable channels; and you glance for confirmation at the handsome girl, the representative of our new and improved America, whose *spirituelle* type im-

pressed you at the outset. Horror! Will the line stretch to the crack of doom? She, too, is at the same abomination! She, too, is devouring a sensational, illustrated weekly! She, too, is happy in the possession of a diagram of eccentric and felonious blood-letting! and you turn away in despair.

But you get very scant consolation. For, turn where you like, the same thing is repeated. Old and young, masters, servants, and children, appear to have the same taste and to rush to gratify it with the same avidity. The steamboat is a perfect gallery of murderous illustration, and her passengers would seem to have abandoned themselves *en masse* to revel in gross details of imaginary crime. Now, when we consider the quality of these people—their comfortable situation in life, their abundant opportunities for self-improvement, the great number of important questions which just at this period are pressing themselves for examination and solution at the hands of intelligent persons, in other countries as well as our own—is not this a thing to be fairly ashamed of?

This unclean and insatiable appetite for literary slop among the classes who should know and do better may seem to some a light and unimportant thing, but to thinkers it is one of the worst signs of the times. It denotes that frivolity, superficial training, intellectual languor, moral prurency, exist in the community to a degree which is at once lamentable, ridiculous, and alarming. What are children to think of parents whose intellects soar to no higher things than *Stabber* stories and *Chambermaid's Gazette* sensations? What manner of wives and mothers are young girls to make, half whose lives are being passed in taking in such delectable mental nourishment? What order of merchants, cashiers, clerks, trustworthy men of all sorts and conditions, are the youngsters to become who are perpetually absorbing these precious histories of successful crime, heroic brigands, and gentlemanly cut-throats and abductors?

The prevalence of this vice—for the taste for slop is one—shows plainly, we fear, that such among us as possess at once brains and influence do not use them as they ought for its discouragement. They have passed it by as a trivial excrement until it has assumed formidable proportions. They have regarded as a mere weed what threatens to become something very like an upas. It is really high time that educated people should make very grave efforts to arrest the march of this moral cholera—this mania for the lowest types of feculent sensation literature. It has already done much harm, but it can do a great deal more. There are young tender minds, fresh-budding intelligences, coming forward every day to be in their turn subjected to the hazards of poisoning and corruption. These at least may be saved, and it is the duty of all who can appreciate the importance of the subject—who can measure the growing magnitude of an evil which is thus prospective as well as present—to assist us, each in his or her degree, in our efforts at counteraction.

AMONG THE PRAIRIE GROUSE.

WE'VE angled leisurely in the laughing brooks of June, and drawn many of the “scaly herd” from the brine of ocean. On the shaded slopes of distant mountains we've rifled the fragrant and fruitful shrubs of their luscious berries, in company with merry groups that could never be gathered on earth again. We've idled dreamily in the old farm-houses of New England while the “dog-star raged,” and discharged faithful service in many a cosy picnic, where the song of summer birds blended sweetly with the monotone of lapsing waters, and the grand trees hung their green curtains serenely over head. Many, indeed, have been our festive days when the heats of town with fiery sword drove us to pleasant shores and quiet shades. But lately our recreations have taken a more remote and unfamiliar field—we've reveled among the grouse on the glorious prairies of the West. How the picture of it hangs in the clear light of August memories, fresh as the dews of the rosy mornings that welcome us, and odorous still with the balm of ten thousand flowers that laugh in the virgin wilds.

Dear reader, whether you have a sportsman's sympathies or not, follow us a little while in our western rambles, and perchance a puff of cooler air shall seem

to touch your brow, and your lungs expand for a few moments with a freer breath.

Here we are, miles away from the hum of cities and the glitter and gabble of artificial life. Before us a clear rivulet winding among groups of trees and tangled thickets, where the quail and thrush whistle undisturbed, and behind and around the prairie, with its level bottom lands, its great billowy swells and hollows of luxuriant verdure, its upland ridges crowned here and there with locust-groves, and its leagues upon leagues of tasseled maize and stubble thick yet with golden shocks of unstacked grain. The “camp” is fixed where a shining little streamlet meets the river. The noonday meal and the sweet slumber that follows it are over. Armed and equipped, with as noble a brace of dogs as ever took scent at our heels, we four fast friends and companions in many a happy day gone by set out—the hunting wagon, carrying all things needful, following. The afternoon sun has now lost its fervor, and the fresh breeze comes swaying the corn and tossing the flowers, and cooling our brows with a grateful caress. So on we go along the margin of the stubble; up the green swale where the blossoms, white and pied and blue, rival the constellations; round that curving nook, where here and there a hazel clump suns itself above the spiky herbage. But stop! see that! No guessing now. How instinct shames our slower knowledge! Rigid as the marbles of Nineveh are the dogs. A little closer. Whew! birds, birds, birds everywhere. “Keep cool.” “Sudden, was n't it?” How they fly! how they fall on the right hand and on the left. “Lie close, you brute.” Six barrels emptied. “Nero, down!” Twelve barrels. More yet. Ah, from under our very feet one rises—another and another; the air seems full of wings. “Rough, be quiet.” “More still, say you?” Ay, away from that cluster of asters start a well-grown brace, one of them to be smitten in its rapid flight by my London Goddard, the other tumbling fifty yards away from D.'s deliberate fire. There, “pick up the game.” “Twenty-two shots and nineteen birds. That will do for the first covey.” How many got off no one knows—as many more doubtless, for they were well together. But it was a well-won field. “Put them on the ice in the wagon, George.” “Pass the flask. Refreshing, is n't it?” Now further up this fragrant swale, but somewhat separated, we stroll—where on one side the unbroken prairie swells away in a huge ridge, and on the other, some eighty rods distant, the vast corn-field glimmers refulgent in the slanting sun of the afternoon. Some of the great covey that we just routed are scattered here, and we pick them off at our leisure with unerring aim. How different this shooting from that of the tangled underwood and the spongy swamp, or over the shingles of a bleak sea-coast. Nothing here obscures the vision or hinders one's pleasant progress. No torn clothes, nor bruised feet, nor bleeding hands. A whole landscape fresh and beautiful offers us its delights. Give us the prairies, we say, for the gun and dog!

But we emerge from the flower-besprinkled lawn at the border of a wide wheat stubble that reaches away far up the gradual slope till it touches again the unbroken sward beyond. Grouse never forget their morning and evening meal, and it is high time now that they were gathered to their banquet. Slowly now we beat the space directly in front, where the loose grain is scattered by handfuls amid the fast-growing, wild wormwood. The scent of their feathery breasts is here still, but they have passed on; surely elsewhere they will find no better entertainment. So on we move, round that group of stacks toward the corner of the field, where the cover is thickest and the slope gentle toward the white splendors of the blossoming buckwheat. Here, doubtless, we shall find them. Ay, see with what wondrous sagacity the dogs narrow down their range—how noiselessly they creep on, every motion expressing their certainty of the feathered prey. There! what a picture is that! Neither Tait nor Landseer ever limned one more matchless. Two setters, head and haunch, muscles tense, noses forward, one head slightly turned, showing the decisive and earnest look, with those great, calm, wistful eyes. O Nero, has Zack's mantle fallen on you indeed? (Zack, the prince of pointers, cut off in the midst of his glory

by a vindictive rattlesnake.) Surely this sight here in the cool of the afternoon is worth all our pains. Can it be that some twosome of beating hearts are nestled in that narrow space where there is no stir of life, not so much as the rustle of a straw? Not a head is to be seen; not a feather even. "Is it not all fancy?" "Fancy!" Whirr, whirr, bang, bang, bang. "Is that fancy?" "How wild," say you. "Ah, yes, no." "Look there; two struck at a shot where they crossed each other in their flight—three, by Jove! Who ever saw that done before?" None of us, that's certain; but queer things will sometimes happen. But they are gone—all that are left after our murderous fire. How clearly defined are their forms against the background of a glorious sky as, with a graceful sweep, they settle in yonder thicket of sorghum some half a mile away.

But 'tis near sundown, and time to return to "camp." Mounting the wagon which now approaches, we drive through the odorous grass that sweeps the horse's knees, and catches a yellowish tinge on the distant swells. Now and then a bird is shot from the wagon by the more expert of the company as we slowly jog on. The tent which spreads its white doors to receive us is reached. If ever a meal is relished, it is after such vigorous exercise and amid such twilight repose. Spare not the tiny sardines, nor the tender smoked tongue that has licked up so much juicy grass from these grand pastures ere it was made meat for man. The sandwiches need no more spicing than our keen appetite gives them. Coffee now is the beverage for assuaging the hunter's thirst, and inducing that easeful quiet that glides soon into refreshing sleep. But before that comes, how many tales of frontier life and wild adventure are told, and how many choice and exquisite stanzas recited that seem to stir with emotion the very air. Closer and closer are drawn the curtains of darkness, and the thick stars in the infinite depths tell of eternity and God.

Have we slept, and on so rude a couch? Yes, and never a more refreshing slumber. As we lie looking through the opening of the tent at the faint red of the sky and the delicate shafts that shoot up from the approaching sun, all the delight of yesterday morning's ride comes back to us. For as we rode hither we saw day come over the prairies like a smile from God—saw the vanishing glooms, the illumined heavens deep over deep—the vast landscape, dewy and fresh and glittering, rise up as it were out of a fallen cloud to flowery life and beauty manifold. And oh, the spicy flavor of the air of dawn, the sense of freedom, and health, and reality, there amid the wide expanse—the glow that thrills so deliciously when nature seems to place her lips close upon the heart! The experience shall be at least partially renewed this fair morning, and the memory of it all shall refresh many a weary day to come. But breakfast is ready. Fresh from ablutions in the rivulet—fairly baptized in the spirit of peace that broods around, we sit down thankful to our repast. Broiled prairie-chicken that is which suddenly stops your speech, and gives your whole frame a delicious thrill. We understand that look of inexpressible satisfaction. You have eaten splendid suppers—fragrant canvas-backs, and big-eyed woodcock, and white-breasted quail, and smoking venison—all that Delmonico serves up to experienced gastronomers with consummate art, but never have you broken your fast on a more toothsome dish. Brown, tender, juicy, as your teeth gently break through the seared surface, how the luscious bit melts on your tongue and in a faint ecstasy glides along the palate. Over a bed of glowing coals, dashed with delicate slices of the whitest salt pork, these birds were cooked in haste, and dressed with fresh butter as they came smoking from the fire. A poet and parson served at the gridiron. Fortunate man, with such a parish as these broad hunting-grounds for his supervision!

Let no man think that it is a love of slaughter that gives prairie shooting its charm. No, we hate the sight of blood, and never even do violence to a snake unless it be venomous. It is the closeness with which it brings one to nature and the wonderful revelations of the fields—the grateful exhilaration, the steadiness of nerve, and manly endurance that are thus induced, that make this sport so peculiarly fascinating, and to the right-minded man so beneficial. Find this, if

you can, in your gymnastics and calisthenics, or any new-fangled ways that have been invented to give healthy impulse to the vital currents and to quicken the human frame to an inspiring glow. Your trained animals of the menageries are puppets in comparison with the picturesque movements and attitudes of the pointers and setters in the field. Your hotel luxuries and convivialities cannot rival the restful freedom and appetizing repasts and delightful abandon of the camp. Yes, the camp. Perhaps you have been there, dear reader—amid the Adirondacks or at Superior, or the Wapsie or Dosia. If you have not, put off the starch and stays of your conventional life, and go forth, not to philosophize, not to meditate a set lesson, not to torture your brains or analyze the sorrows of your wounded heart, but to enjoy the glorious revelations of the plains and hills and streams. Nature comes nearest to us when, like little children, we become natural, and take her mystic voices and refreshing inspirations in the simplicity with which they are bestowed. We have often enjoyed her fellowship best with rod and gun, in company with a few select souls whose converse, instead of jarring on the grand harmony, made it richer and sweeter by their affluent and kindred sensibilities and their vision of the beautiful and true.

REVIEWS.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN CONNECTICUT.*

IT may give surprise to some who have turned their attention exclusively to the rapid advance of American enterprise, even to the successful completion of an Atlantic telegraph, to know that the ecclesiastical history of many of our leading religious bodies is being written. We do not seem old enough to have an ecclesiastical history. When we take the portly octavo containing the history of the Episcopal Church in Connecticut into our hands, we confess to a surprise at our antiquity. We go back here to events which belong to the settlement of New England two hundred and fifty years ago; we live again with the Puritans; we feel the rude enthusiasm of other days; we enter into forgotten controversies; we trace the origin of many of our peculiar customs. Though the Church of England established herself very early in some parts of the colonies, in New England hardly anything was known of it till 1722, when missionary labors were begun in Stratford, and a little later at various other points. And yet it has surprised us that this communion, which is still missionary in this country as compared with its developed power in England, is of so recent date. It accounts in part for the fact, that though powerful in the wealth and position of the people belonging to it, the Episcopal Church is much inferior in numbers to other denominations; though even within the last twenty-five years, so rapid has been the increase, this body is said to have doubled itself in Connecticut; and when we add, that those adding themselves to it seldom go away, its rapid extension and its strong and increasing conservative influence in American society are easily accounted for.

The history of this body in Connecticut, where, next to Massachusetts, Puritanism had the strongest hold, and where its increase was largely due to the persecution of its opponents, cannot but be interesting; and it is a work which may be said in a degree to command its readers, since however badly done such a work may be, and this is well done, there are many of all parties who are drawn irresistibly to it. Such a volume becomes a leading work on American history, because religion, equally with political opinion, has had a large share in making us what we are as a people. Its account of the rise of a leading body, destined certainly to a large influence in the future of the nation, and our only bulwark against the ceaseless and silent activity of the Church of Rome, has interest alike for friend and foe. Then, in all religious bodies this early beginning has an influence upon the later growth, and the early struggles of Churchmen in Connecticut may yet be traced in the opinions which each party has of the other and

* "The History of the Episcopal Church in Connecticut. From the Settlement of the Colony to the death of Bishop Seabury." By E. Edwards Beardsley, D.D. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 8vo, pp. xxx., 469. 1866.

in the peculiar features of the church in that diocese. No one can understand the religious history of that state without reading this volume and taking into account the singular position in which the Episcopal Church was placed, and the eminent qualities of its first bishop. In addition to this, its position during the Revolution deserves attention. The condition of Churchmen as a necessary consequence of their attachment to the Mother Church made them loyalists; they were honestly so; and probably no body of persons in history has been more systematically traduced by historians than the men who, in time of rebellion, were devotedly attached to what seemed to them law and order. Dr. Beardsley aptly says: "The events of the last four years in our country must teach us to entertain a higher respect for the men who did not at once join in the cause for independence, violate their oaths of allegiance, and disown submission to the long-established government." This portion of the volume sheds much light upon the political side of the Revolution, being taken from private diaries and papers.

Hence this work has a wider application than the history merely of the Episcopal Church in Connecticut. It is to a large extent the history of those times from a new point of view. It has been the fashion to write the history of our country simply from the Puritan side; and even our geographies and reading books in the public schools have been deeply saturated with the peculiar inspiration of Plymouth Rock. This is changing; but most of those who are now adults were educated with the idea that civil and religious liberty was our great inheritance from the New England Pilgrims. Dr. Beardsley's volume shows that they were no better here than their enemies were in England; and that the same persecutions which were odious to them across the water were applied relentlessly to their opponents here. This part of the book is ably executed, and there is no trace of the bitterness of religious zeal. Next in value, considered from the point of public and general importance, is the position of the Episcopalians in the Revolution, which we have already indicated. To Churchmen the whole work has a special interest, as detailing step by step how their body grew to its present size. Here one sees the missionaries toiling up and down the Connecticut valleys, hardly supporting themselves upon their scanty livings; here are the first beginnings of parishes which have now become formidable; and the zeal and simple, honest, patient fidelity of such men as Dr. Samuel Johnson and the Rev. John Beach and the Rev. Richard Mansfield, light up every page with marked traits of character and the success of self-denying labor. In the Revolution the Episcopal body was nearly swept away; many families emigrated with their pastors; those who remained were as sheep without a shepherd, there being neither bishop nor priest to look after them; and when the war was over, all that had seemed so full of promise was a mere wreck. It is a singular feature of this history that the Episcopalians were in Connecticut over fifty years before they could obtain a bishop. It was a request urged by the clergy with every method that honest men could use; but the home government was so little controlled by religious statesmen and so largely influenced by leading men in the colonies who saw the devil in Episcopacy, that no bishop was consecrated for America until 1787, though Bishop Seabury had been consecrated in Scotland in 1784, being prevented from receiving consecration in England by political influence. From this time onward the volume is taken up with the organization and union of the different parts of the church then existing in the country, and in this period was settled the public policy which has since ruled this communion. It is a marked feature of the times that the Episcopal Church is now upon the eve of changing its principles of organization as a federative body from being a collection of dioceses meeting together once in three years for the purpose of general legislation, the plan which the first bishops settled upon, to the provincial system, by which the different larger sections may multiply dioceses within themselves, and raise one of their bishops to the position of archbishop. The rapid growth of the body since 1835 has compelled this; and though the step has not yet been taken,

there is every symptom that the plan will be carried out at the next general convention. In such a case there would be the New England, the New York, the Middle State, the Southern, the Rocky Mountain, and the Western provinces. These provinces would care for the church each within its own section, and delegates from them would meet in general convention at stated times. The public opinion is rapidly changing in favor of small dioceses, and it would be no strange event if Connecticut in less than three years were divided into three new sees. In this respect our own day is in wide contrast with the state of things a century ago.

The literary merits of this volume we can heartily commend. The author's style is not perfect. He cannot easily manage a very long sentence. There is the appearance of conscious labor, and there is a certain strong ruggedness; and when the author tries to write elegantly his poverty of imagination is painfully evident. He is one of those writers who is always improving. Like Robert Southey, he can write better the longer he uses the pen; and we are not sure but this continued mending of style is a better trait than that luxuriousness which often leads an author to lose himself and his subject altogether. Strong, straightforward common sense, not elegance, nor hardly an occasional felicity, mark Dr. Beardsley's pages. He never affects elegance, however; nor does he use big words—the prevailing fault of Dean Stanley. He has the singular merit of writing from so intimate a knowledge of his subject that the style is the last thing thought of. He has infused his own personal feeling into it; and hence it is the earnest, painstaking research and scholarly devotion of the man which shine through and vivify his words. Any one who has attempted to reduce documents and facts into a homogeneous narrative knows how difficult it is to write well; but Dr. Beardsley does write well, and he leads the reader rapidly along from page to page. There is no stopping to rest. He understands, too, how to weave his narrative together in the words of the actors themselves, an art which is a leading excellence of Motley's histories. He makes you live in the times of which he writes. Dr. Samuel Johnson stands out upon his pages as distinctly as if his portrait had been inserted in the volume. His historical characters, painted in their own words and deeds, are not skeletons nor puppets; and many another leader in those times walks forth now as he was seen by his contemporaries. We understand that the author has received such encouragement since the first publication of this volume, which completes the history down to the death of Bishop Seabury, that he is now engaged in carrying the work down to the death of Bishop Brownell. There is a noble task before him, and we know of no one who has so many qualifications for the faithful and successful prosecution of it. He seems to us to have so far shown himself, as a writer, of excellent judgment, impartial temper, and strict historical tastes and aptitudes, and he occupies an untrodden field.

LIBRARY TABLE.

"Cosas de España, illustrative of Spain and the Spaniards as they are." By Mrs. Wm. Pitt Byrne, author of "Flemish Interiors," etc. 2 vols. Pp. 270 and 332. Alexander Strahan, London and New York.

SPAIN has lingered so far behind her sister nations in the march of civilization, clinging to her glorious sad past, like the ivy to the ruined Alhambra walls, that the centuries have passed her by almost untouched. Until recently the traveler who crossed the Pyrenees from France into Spain, stepped suddenly from the nineteenth to the seventeenth century; passed from the busy, hard, positive life of to-day back into the age of priestly despotism, of proud, idle chivalry, of romance and intrigue. The very name of Spain has become a synonym for the dream-land of our waking moments. It is there that the stately castles of young hope and world-wearied reverie are built. To how few is it given ever to enter their pearly gates, "wherein at ease for aye to dwell!"

An intelligent and sprightly Englishwoman, Mrs. William Pitt Byrne, has made a pilgrimage to actual, geographical Spain, and Mr. Strahan has published the story of her adventures in two very tasteful and

well illustrated volumes. Discarding the usual practice, so dear to the British tourist's heart, of refusing to mingle with foreigners, and of carefully avoiding all knowledge of their habits and customs, she endeavored not only to thoroughly examine the physical and architectural features of Spain, but also to understand the Spaniard's mode of life and habits of thought. Her book is in many respects a model book of travels. The descriptive portions of the work are full and vivid; the statistics have evidently been prepared with care and accuracy; the author's appreciation of the humorous is unusually keen—for a lady—and her puns are inexcusably frequent and utterly bad.

It is by no means generally understood why Spain has made so little moral and political progress during the last half-century. It is not owing to the fact that her state religion is the same as that of Italy or Austria, else why should they have advanced while she has made little or no progress? Neither does the want of education among her people furnish an answer to the question, for assuredly the Spanish peasantry are not more ignorant than the mass of the population of the Italian peninsula. Probably Mrs. Byrne is right in attributing the present condition of Spain to the fact that the long continued, wide-reaching struggle between England and the first French Empire resulted in the destruction of the army and navy of Spain, the draining of her treasury, and the ruin of her financial credit. The Napoleonic wars left her a bankrupt, and as there are no bankrupt laws for nations, she has since been in the position of a ruined merchant, whom no one would trust, to whom no friendly hand was stretched, and for whom there existed no "act" whose benefit he could take.

All the elements of a great and prosperous nation exist in Spain to-day. Her hills are filled with iron, copper, lead, tin, mercury, and the precious metals. The development of her vast coal-fields, though they are already pierced by seven hundred mines, is only just begun. The Spanish vineyards can supply all Europe with wines. Wool, silk, and hides are exported in yearly increasing quantities. The increase in the export trade of Spain, which in 1849 was valued at 270,000,000 francs, and in 1861 at 865,000,000 francs, is a sure index of progress in the work of developing her vast resources, and a proof that she is advancing firmly, if not rapidly, in the path of material prosperity.

Those who are accustomed to speak of the gross ignorance of the Spanish people will be surprised to find that among a present population of 16,000,000, there are no less than 9,351 authors, 5,673 lawyers, and 47,312 students. Whether the 125,000 clergymen, who are supposed to aid the spiritual growth of the people, are of much assistance in promoting their mental growth, may be fairly doubted, but beyond all question the majority of the clergy are to a certain extent educated men. The fact that the schools for the young in the larger cities are well conducted and largely attended, is full of promise for the future. These schools cannot fail to exercise a great and beneficent influence upon the next generation, and to the men of that generation will be committed the task of rehabilitating the Spanish monarchy. They will find Spain the possessor of an efficient army and navy, and of a treasury by no means in a condition of hopeless emptiness. They will have the example of Italy before them, and will find no Holy Alliance of banded despots to side with the corrupt and arbitrary court. The day of Spain's redemption cannot be long delayed. Certainly a nation that numbers more than 9,000 authors will not long endure the reign of unreasoning bayonets and brainless, soulless Bourbons.

Although Mrs. Byrne dwells with enthusiasm upon the brave, sober, industrious, honest character of the Spaniard, she nevertheless takes exception (and properly so) to a few of his peculiarities. His fondness for carrying knives, and his uncontrollable tendency to sheathe them in the persons of those with whom he may have a difference of opinion, are certainly something more than amiable weaknesses. Even the Spanish ladies, we are told, not unfrequently carry diminutive daggers concealed in their—we blush to write it—garters, and are quite capable of using them when occasion offers. With true womanly ignorance of

the philosophic calm hid in the pipe-bowl and wrapped in the cigar, Mrs. Byrne discourses in the following unappreciative strain of the national fondness for tobacco:

"With his cigar in his mouth—and when is he ever seen without it?—the Spaniard, of whatever class, is all in all to himself, and wears a look which seems to say, *après moi le déluge*, so utterly independently does he carry himself to the rest of the world. He rarely seems more than half awake; and whenever not fast asleep—whether walking, riding, or driving, buying or selling, in season and out of season, almost while eating or drinking, certainly while cooking, and totally indifferent to the annoyance he may be causing others—the cigar, cigarette, or pipe is his inseparable companion."

While the author touches but lightly upon the unsavory fact of Spanish beggars, she does not deny their existence, and has kindly furnished the strategically-minded traveler with an excellent plan of defense against their assaults, drawn from her own experience when besieged by an army of the mal-odorous rascals. "Our expedient," she says, "was perfectly innocuous and extremely simple, for our means were few, but it proved a *succès*. We turned suddenly round, and all opening our umbrellas simultaneously, faced the enemy. How they interpreted this response it is impossible to divine, but the effect was instantaneous—the rascals took to their heels as if they had been shot, and to our great amazement, no less than our relief, disappeared into the darkness."

Beggars, however, were trifles of comparatively little moment to enthusiastic Mrs. Byrne. Even the more serious evil of unattainable dinners weighed but lightly upon her buoyant spirits. Possibly this may have been owing to the fact that even when she proved successful in the pursuit of dinner, she frequently failed in the effort to eat it. To the universal scarcity and badness of such edibles as are adapted to the properly regulated British stomach, the excellent pork of the chestnut-fed swine proved a welcome exception. These swine are matured with the tenderest care, and "matters are so far reversed that whereas the swine revel in chestnuts, their masters are content to devour acorns." Beds were found at times to be as difficult of attainment as dinners. Once the host of a Spanish inn, when requested to show the party to their rooms for the ensuing night, brought into the dining-room three boards, which were "placed in an inclined position by resting one end on a bench; this proved to be the best they could produce; three extremely aged mattresses were added, and one pillow between the three beds." Inasmuch as Mrs. Byrne's party consisted of two ladies and two gentlemen, she may be excused for characterizing the landlord's sleeping accommodations as "extremely uninviting."

Admirable traveler as this observant lady has proved herself, and pleasant and profitable as is the record of her Spanish journey, yet the number and atrocity of her puns render her justly liable to the stern reprobation of all right-minded persons. Referring to the royal vault at Madrid, she has the cool audacity to write—"At these portals majesty leaves its externals behind it and becomes philosophically as well as philologically 'a jest.'" The unbridled profligacy of this pun has, it is to be hoped, rarely been surpassed. The responsibility of another offense of the same class she has weakly endeavored to transfer to the shoulders of a supposititious young Englishman. Possibly this innocent young man may have existed, and may have believed that a Spanish "beadle," whose breast was ornamented with the legend, "celador de los templos," was the "keeper of the cellar-door of the temple," but in the absence of any evidence but the statement of Mrs. Byrne, we must be permitted to doubt his existence. The criminal can always take one step worse than the commission of his crime, and that step is taken when he endeavors to manufacture evidence in order to cast upon an innocent man the suspicion that rightly belongs to the guilty man alone.

"English Travelers and Italian Brigands: A Narrative of Capture and Captivity." By W. J. C. Moens. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1866. Pp. 355.

THIS is a book naïve as a fairy tale and quite as interesting. Its purport is simple and readily conveyed. Mr. Moens is a London stockbroker by vocation, and he is also an amateur photographer. In an evil hour he abandoned the exchange, and, accom-

panied by his wife and his photographic apparatus, set forth on a tour in Southern Europe. The book says nothing, however, of their departure from England, but plunges, *in medias res*, upon the deck of a steamer bound from Marseilles to Palermo. The narrative is given in the form of diary, which is alternately that of Mr. Moens and of his *cara sposa*. After four chapters of Mrs. Moens's, consisting chiefly of observations about Sicilian scenery and characteristics, the couple, accompanied by two friends, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Aynsley, make their way over to Naples, and directly after to Salerno, with a view to pay a visit to the famous ruins of Paestum. On their way back from the temple of Neptune their carriage is stopped by brigands, the troops who escorted them hitherto having been adroitly drawn aside by the outlaws by a plausible trick, and Mr. Moens and Mr. Aynsley carried off into bondage. The latter is soon released, being sent to raise money for his companion's and his own ransom; but the unfortunate Mr. Moens is kept a prisoner for several weary months, until he ultimately, and with some difficulty, purchases his enlargement, on payment to his captors of some 30,000 ducats or three thousand pounds English.

The story consists mainly of the account of his wanderings, sufferings, and adventures. He is beaten with sticks, rolled in the mire, fed on meatless bones, which are thrown at his head as at a stray cur's; he is threatened with death, with the loss of his ears, is covered from head to heel with vermin, forced to write fierce invectives to his friends, because of the slow forthcoming of his ransom, and indeed so pestered and harried that he must have had a good sturdy English constitution of his own to live through it all. But live through it he did, and here is the narrative of how he managed. It is seldom, indeed, since the halcyon days of Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver that we stumble upon a volume which is, in its way, more entertaining. There is, too, an ingenueness, in truth a bluntness, about the style which altogether carries conviction as to the veritableness of the narrative. So far, however, as this point is concerned, the London press has teemed for a twelvemonth past with details, invectives, and appeals regarding Mr. Moens's misfortunes, all of which ultimately focalized in the form of a regular interference on the part of the British Government, and a demand for his person at the hands of that of King Victor Emanuel, so that the account may fairly be accepted as trustworthy even on the score of extrinsic evidence. Apart from the interest of the descriptions, and the quaint simplicity of the style, the book is remarkable as showing how so strange an incident—the kidnapping of an unoffending wayfarer, in broad daylight, and holding him in lawless duration for several months, with extraordinary accompaniments of brutal savagery—is still possible in Europe in the nineteenth century, among a people reckoned by the world as civilized.

"*De Profundis; A Tale of the Social Deposits.*" By William Gilbert, author of "*Shirley Hall Asylum*," etc. London and New York: Alexander Strahan, 1866. Pp. 444.

MR. GILBERT has delineated the trials and temptations of the poor in London, apparently with a design rather of directing attention toward the condition of the lower social classes, and the means of ameliorating it, than of producing an absorbing narrative or presenting the romantic phases of low life. His central figures are a couple, well-meaning and honest enough, but credulous and impenetrably stupid, after the manner of the lower orders of the English. Of these the male had deserted from the British army, under the impression that he had done all that was requisite by informing the Queen, as she drove past one day, that she would please provide herself with another drummer by that day month. Once married, the pair essay various avocations, in each of which they thrive at first only to lose their earnings, become involved in trouble, and commence life anew on a still lower level, from their own inefficiency or the machinations of a sharper who has ingratiated himself with them. With this main thread of the book are entwined many sketches of the character, manners, and customs of the vagabond, impecunious, and thieving communities of the metropolis.

"*De Profundis*" gives, perhaps, a more faithful

conception of this walk of life than can be obtained from the highly-colored sketches which Mr. Dickens and other novelists use, chiefly as tending to amuse and to afford an opening for their own powers of description and pathos. It may be useful by calling proper attention to the great legal anomalies and social and religious wants of the English poor. But it can hardly be called a readable book. Mr. Gilbert's theme was a good one, and his views on the subject just; but he has affected a rigid simplicity and matter-of-factness of style, and indulged in a copiousness of detail which make it read too much like an expanded police report to be attractive.

"*Inside: A Chronicle of Secession.*" By George F. Harrington. With illustrations by Thomas Nast. New York: Harper & Bros. 1866. Pp. 223.

THE merit of "*Inside*" lies in the fact that it is from the pen of a man of southern birth and education, who throughout the rebellion was a witness of the social life of the interior of the South which he depicts. He has thus been enabled to give a faithful report of the prevalent thought and feeling of all classes during that period; the hopes, fears, beliefs, and delusions of unionists and secessionists; the reign of terror which overshadowed the former, obliging every precaution of concealment and dissimulation; the deception practiced upon the latter by their leaders, and their thorough, almost ludicrous, misapprehension of the motive and character of the North. The following bit of colloquy is a specimen of a state of things whose existence we could hardly credit were it not that we have ourselves witnessed ignorance almost as dense as it evinces:

"'And is it possible, ma'am, that you, a southern woman, can have any regard for Yankees?' said the preacher, with a strong emphasis, as of nausea, upon the first syllable of the word.

"'Not for want of learning what a dreadful people they are,' said Mrs. Sorel [a Union woman, though a South Carolinian, with delusions of her own about Abolitionists] with a smile. 'Only last week Mrs. Juggins was telling me that marriage has been altogether abolished among them?'

"'Law me, yes!' broke in Mrs. Juggins [one of the small-planter class], 'so I'm told. Up there the women all wear pants like men, make speeches, vote, and, I do suppose, carry their revolvers, curse and swear, drink and gamble just like the men! When any man and woman happen to meet anywhere and take a likin' to each other they just consider themselves married—free love they call it!'

"'And you remember, Mrs. Juggins,' said Mrs. Sorel, 'what you told me about Lincoln's having contracted with people to go through the South burning up people's houses by night, so much a house!'

"'And Mrs. Juggins could have told you, too,' said the preacher, 'that the North has apostatized into a universal infidelity.'"—(p. 30.)

The author gives graphic sketches of character in the rural districts of the South as the war intensified it—the aristocratic slaveowner, thoroughly convinced of the divine institution of slavery, and a secessionist from honest conviction; the demagogue, with no conscience about the matter, and reckless of the means by which he deludes the almost savage population, still lower than himself; the bloodthirsty and vindictive minister (Methodist) whose sanctimony is not incompatible with his hounding on his hearers to such deeds of violence as disgraced early Scotch Presbyterianism; the "northern man with southern principles," outdoing all others in rancorous venom. It shows, with a clear aspect of truth, a condition of society which must be understood if we would realize the nature of the war and the strong conviction and resolute determination of the deluded mass of the southern people, and still more the heroic fortitude and devotion of the Union element.

So far as it is an exhibition of the character and experiences of southern people—especially southern Union people—during the war, the book is a very valuable one. Unfortunately, its literary execution is of the poorest. Prolix, diffuse, tautological to the last degree, it requires the utmost exertion of patience to read it, and disgusts the reader with its laboriously introduced metaphors and allusions, its meaningless dissertations and iterations, and its constant digressions, of such length as to destroy all coherence in the narrative. It is unfortunate that one possessed of so much useful knowledge and experience, and so evident a desire to tell what he knows honestly and without unfair coloring, should be destitute of the essential requirements of a writer. But for Mr. Nast's

pencil, we fear the book would find few readers who could endure to the end.

COMMUNICATIONS.

GEORGE ARNOLD'S WRITINGS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: An item of literary news in THE ROUND TABLE of the 4th inst. announced the second edition of "*Drift*," with additions. The second edition is, I am glad to say, in press, but no additions have been made to the volume. A few phrases in the introductory sketch of Arnold's life have been changed, and a few slight typographical blemishes in the poems have been removed. In other respects, the second edition is the counterpart of the first.

A second collection of Arnold's poems is in preparation, however, and will be published next autumn. This volume will contain a large number of his humorous and satirical poems, together with those serious poems which I have gathered, or in reference to the publication of which I have changed my mind, since the compilation of "*Drift*." These two volumes will thus comprise nearly all the verse that he wrote.

Two volumes of his prose writings are also in preparation. One will contain his "*McArone Letters*" and other humorous papers; the other will be made up of his "*Tales and Sketches*."

It is my hope that these four volumes will be accepted as fully representative of the genius, the character, and the labors of George Arnold. I am conscious of a very solemn responsibility, and am endeavoring faithfully to perform my duty to the departed poet.

Permit me to thank you for the cordial welcome accorded to "*Drift*" in your columns.

Respectfully yours, WILLIAM WINTER.
New York, August 6, 1866.

AMERICAN COLLEGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: American colleges for the past few months have been a source of disquietude to your paper; and any candid mind will allow that you have shown up striking defects in their management and results. But this, while admirable as a method of attracting attention to the subject, is worthless unless some remedy for this alleged inefficiency be offered.

I began your article—"Colleges Behind the Times"—in a late issue, hoping that at length a remedy was to be suggested for the disease so often diagnosed. But the writer, repeating the cry, "Who will show us any good?" contented himself with that and went no further, while his illustrations appear by no means apt. His plea is for a broad and comprehensive culture, and this he asserts to be so lacking among us, that American gentlemen are sending their sons abroad to obtain it. His idea of this broad culture appears to be the substitution of "history, political economy, and practical philosophy"—by the last of which I presume he means natural laws and their application—for the ancient languages. But if American gentlemen send their sons abroad to obtain a comprehensive culture in these directions, where do they obtain it? Confessedly not in the English universities, where the Latin and Greek languages lie at the basis of the whole superstructure, and where the annals of those nations form the staple of the historical knowledge so much coveted. Neither can it be found in German institutions of the same kind, where eclecticism is the rule, and distinction the reward of a steady investigation of a single science.

Nor is the number of students, as the writer seems to suppose, a test of the progressive tendencies of a college. The fact that the roll of Michigan University displays twelve hundred names does not show that the instruction there is more thorough, or that greater concessions are made to the spirit of the times, because other things are not equal. The truth is that the "ignominy of charity," as the writer calls it, finds there its best illustration, for by the munificent endowment of the state instruction there is made wholly free. Charity is not affected in its nature by the source from which it proceeds, be it public or private. Put this college on a level with others in respect to fees, and make allowance for its leading position in a section destitute of competent institutions, and its adaptation to the spirit of the times would aid it but little.

Again, the fact that our business colleges are so flourishing does not detract from our colleges proper. Pactolus flows through marts of trade, and not through university halls. The reason why those who frequent commercial schools pass by colleges is because they desire to

cultivate that set of faculties most useful in money-making, and have no desire for really broad culture. Colleges are not built for money-making machines. Numbers are no test. If any one of our colleges would so raise its standard or revise its course as to admit but a tenth of its present members, that fact *per se* would be no proof of its ill adaptedness to our times. We have produced scholars under the present régime, or one even less broad, whose fame has crossed the ocean, and whose acquirements have lent eloquence and grace to the bar and pulpit, but they themselves co-operated with the college system. If a fault lies concealed anywhere it is with those who are instructed rather than with those who instruct. The flood of dissipation that swells deeper yearly; the mad rush for wealth; the thousand allurements which Scripture groups under the expressive words, "lust of the flesh, lust of the eye, pride of life," are emasculating agencies that threaten scholarship as much as inefficiency of method. That we have too many colleges, and so miss unity and the spirit of emulation, I freely admit, and am willing to have a proper proportion of blame charged to this cause. C. T. F. S.

AMERICAN FEMALE AUTHORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: In your issue of the 4th inst. you lament the lack of good female writers in this country, and say, "Compared with England, America has always been sadly deficient in this respect; but while new lady poets and novelists every year gain a well-deserved reputation across the Atlantic, our own literature remains absolutely barren of any worthy effort from a female pen." Then you instance Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, and Marion Harland as representatives of the female writers of America. And having given these names such undue prominence, you contrast them with the English Charlotte Brontë, Miss Mulock, and Julia Kavanagh. Comparison with these shining lights of English fiction is a severe test for any nation's novelists of either sex. Charlotte Brontë was an exceptional genius; writing as she did under the *nom de plume* of Currer Bell, the critics said that the author of "Jane Eyre" was a man of "wonderful ability," extraordinary talents, "kingly genius," etc. Somebody suggested that a woman wrote "Jane Eyre," but the critics scouted the idea, and proved, quite satisfactorily to themselves and the public at large, that Currer Bell was a man, towering above ordinary men by reason of his rare talents. The author of "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley" was ranked with Bulwer, Dickens, and Thackeray, and these princes of story-telling recognized her kindred genius.

But I cannot leave these Englishwomen authors, to look for their American sisters in genius, without paying a tribute to Mrs. Gaskell, who has just died with her fair fame about her. She stands near "Charlotte Brontë" in the appreciation of the literary public, and before her in the affections of the people. Her "Mary Barton," "North and South," and "Cranford," will long be standards of excellence. Her pictures of English life in the books just quoted are as bold and striking as Mrs. Stowe's delineations of American life in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or "The Minister's Wooing." Of these books, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" achieved an unparalleled circulation and exerted a wider influence than any other woman's book ever did in any country. I grant that the subject of the book was one to give it notoriety; but many books had been written on this subject before, both North and South, and been reviewed by partisan critics of both sections, and then grown moldy at the bookseller's without endangering the republic. Of the "Minister's Wooing," I need only repeat what Lowell said of Judd's "Margaret":

— "It's a true Yankee book,
With the soul of down East in't, and things further East,
As far as the threshold of morning, at least,
Where awaits the fair dawn of the simple and true,
Of the day that comes slowly to make all things new.
'T has a smack of pine woods, of bare field and bleak hill,
Such as only the breed of the Mayflower could till;
The Puritan's shown in it, tough to the core,
Such as prayed, smiling Agag, on red Marston Moor;
With an unwilling humor, half-choked by the drouth
In brown hollows about the inhospitable mouth;
With a soul full of, though it has quailms
About finding a happiness out of the Psalms;
Full of tenderness, too, though it shrinks in the dark,
Hamadryad-like, under the coarse, shaggy bark;
That sees visions, knows wrestlings of God with the will,
And has its own Sinals and thunderings still."

THE ROUND TABLE gives Mrs. Stowe credit for the books her genius has created, but forgets to mention among our female writers Mary Lowell Putnam, who wrote the "Record of an Obscure Man," "The Tragedy of Success" and "Tragedy of Errors," and quite recently "Fifteen Days; An Extract from Edward Colvil's Jour-

nal." For myself, I am no critic, but I read the books I can lay hands on, whether they are English, French, or German, and it seems to me that the works of this Massachusetts woman, "The Tragedies of Error and Success," the "Record of an Obscure Man," and the "Fifteen Days," are all well worthy of a prominent place among women's books. There is Miss Palfrey, too, who wrote "Herman, or Young Knighthood," which is a good story in itself and an earnest of the better things its author will do in the future. Then there is Miss Hardinge, with her "Life in the Iron Mills" and "A Story of To-day," which will compare favorably with any of the later novels which have come to us from feminine pens over the water. The author of "The Gayworthys" and "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," whoever she may be, has far excelled Miss Warner on her own ground and may venture to challenge comparison with Miss Mulock.

You say: "America has never yet produced a great female poet. We have had no Mrs. Hemans or Elizabeth Barrett Browning." I am quite willing to relinquish poor Mrs. Sigourney's claims to being considered the "American Hemans," although the Countess of Blessington and the literary circle of which she was the queen united with the newspapers of the day in according the title unhesitatingly to that estimable Connecticut woman who has written so many, many lines on infants, blighted buds and things. But while I resign all claims in Mrs. Sigourney's behalf, I assert that Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. Akers are poets deserving the recognition of their country. Mrs. Howe's "Battle-Hymn of the Republic" is woven into the history of the country with the record of the great rebellion. I have heard it sung by thousands of loyal soldiers on rebel ground; and the men were braver for the words they sang; the hymn sank into their hearts, and they carried it home with them, and their children shall sing it after them. Mrs. Howe's "Poems of the War" are not her only drafts on fame to be honored by posterity. "Passion Flowers" and the "Poems of Study and Experience" have been widely read here and in England.

On one side of the monument erected to the memory of the poet Hood, as his fit epitaph, is inscribed—"He sang the 'Song of the Shirt.'" So of Mrs. Akers we need only say, she wrote "Rock Me to Sleep." You say we have no such poet as Mrs. Browning! Very true: we have had no American Homer, or Shakespeare, or Milton either! Yet Homer belongs to the whole human race, and Shakespeare and Milton belong as much to us as to England, and Mrs. Browning is English only by the accident of birth. Shut up in an invalid chamber, surrounded by the Greek and Latin poets, with her blind tutor to instruct her, her education was rather classical than English until her marriage; and after that she lived fifteen years with her poet-husband in Italy, and all these years she had been closely identified with Italian politics and her Florentine home. Mrs. Browning belonged to no particular country, but to the whole world; she espoused the cause of right and justice in every clime, and fought fearlessly against evil wherever she found it. Deeply interested for Italian liberty, she watched and worked for it through two revolutions, and dying in the same month that Cavour died, it was said in Florence that Italy's heart was buried with the great statesman, and Italy's head with the English woman-poet who sang the song of Italy. Mrs. Browning loved America too, and she has always had many warm friends and admirers here. In the spring of 1861, she sympathized with us deeply in the trouble that burst upon us, long before she had foreseen it because of the evil within us, and she wrote to us thus:

"Because ye have broken your own chain
With the strain
Of brave men climbing a nation's height,
Yet thence bear down with brand and thong
On souls of others—for this wrong
This is the curse. Write.

"Because yourselves are standing straight
In the state
Of Freedom's foremost acolyte,
Yet keep calm footing all the time
On writhing bond-slaves—for this crime
This is the curse. Write."

While she wrote us of our curse, she said:

"For I am bound by gratitude,
By love and blood,
To brothers of mine across the sea,
Who stretch out kindly hands to me."

She sympathized with us truly and believed in us thoroughly; and in one of her last letters to an American friend she says: "I feel with more pain than many Americans do the sorrow of this transition-time; but I do know that it is transition, that it is crisis, and that you will come out of the fire purified, stainless, having had the angel of a great cause walking with you in the furnace." She was indignant at the treatment of America

by foreign nations, particularly so at England's action. She said, "Why do you heed what others say? You are strong and can do without sympathy, and when you have triumphed your glory will be the greater." Mrs. Browning belonged to no one country, but to us and to all mankind, and to that mystic circle of poet-souls whose country is the world:

"Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley were with us, they watch from their graves."

But scarcely has the grave closed over Mrs. Browning and already two women's voices have arisen in England singing so sweetly that we hear them over the water and welcome them to our Yankee homes. The names of Miss Rossetti and Jean Ingelow are already famous. Of Miss Rossetti I can hardly speak knowingly, as I have not yet studied her attractive Pre-Raphaelite poems as they need to be studied before judgment is passed upon them. But of Jean Ingelow I can speak with all love and reverence. "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," "Brothers and a Sermon," and "Requiescat in Pace" are almost perfect poems, and I bow down before their sweet womanly author and willingly acknowledge Jean Ingelow the greatest living woman-poet of the day. But THE ROUND TABLE says, "While England is continually adding new and brighter names to her long list of female poets, America's has not yet been commenced."

Give laurels freely to the brows that win them, native or foreign; but do not say that America has not commenced her list of gifted female authors. You instance those gifted children of genius, Lucretia and Margaret Davison, but you forget the queenly intellect of the ill-fated, brilliant Margaret Fuller Ossoli. And you take no heed of the signs of promise evident in certain stray gems which are making their way into our national literature from female fingers that handle the pen daintily, and are not inkstained and hardened into writing by the quantity. Among these true poet-souls let me call THE ROUND TABLE's attention to one who shines out more brightly than all the rest. I mean Rose Terry. She has written little, but has done that so well we can afford to wait her pleasure until she gives us more. Her little poems entitled "Two Villages" and "Indolence," are proofs of what she can do, while her "Samson Agonistes" and "The New Sangreal" are equal to anything that Jean Ingelow has written.

Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Stephens, and Marion Harland are not fair representatives of the female authors of our country, but are to us what Miss Braddon and Mrs. Wood are to England, with this difference, that the morals of our gentle sensation novels are better than those of their foreign sisters. As for Gail Hamilton, if you will let a simple reader say, in another issue, what he thinks is the matter with Miss Dodge's writings, I know a brave individual who will embrace the opportunity of doing so. And now, dear ROUND TABLE, having quarreled with your article on "American Female Authorship," let me tell you how I rejoice over your call to the young authors to come out of the ruts and help to establish not a "clique literature" but a national literature. Our magazines have somehow fallen into such grooves of thought and expression, that having seen one number you have seen all; and but for the new titles to the old stories and new headings to the old essays one would never know he was reading new articles every month.

I trust that you will gather many gifted guests about THE ROUND TABLE, and that each one will bring fresh fruits with him. S. M.

New York, August 4, 1866.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & Sons, London and New York.—Men I Have Known. By William Jerdan. Illustrated with facsimile autographs. 1866. Pp. 490.
Once Upon a Time. By Charles Knight. A new and enlarged edition. 1865. Pp. 562.
BLELOCK & Co., New York.—Our Refugee Household. By Mrs. Louise Clack, of Louisiana. 1866. Pp. 226.
In Vinculis; or, The Prisoner of War: being the Experience of a Rebel in Two Federal Pens. By A. M. Keiley, a Virginia Confederate. 1866. Pp. 216.
CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York.—History of the Atlantic Telegraph. By Henry M. Field, D.D. 1866. Pp. 364.
BROUGHTON & WYMAN, New York.—Social Hints for Young Christians, in three sermons. By Howard Crosby. 1866. Pp. 56.
F. A. BRADY, New York.—The Dean's Daughter; or, The Days We Live In. By Mrs. Gore. Pp. 179.
HARPER & Bros., New York.—English Travelers and Italian Brigands: A Narrative of Capture and Captivity. By W. J. C. Moens. 1866. Pp. 355.
Inside: A Chronicle of Secession. By George F. Harrington. With illustrations by Thomas Nast. 1866. Pp. 223.
TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.—Royal Truths. By Henry Ward Beecher. 1866. Pp. 324.
Spare Hours. By John Brown, M.D. Second series. 1866. Pp. 426.
LORING, Boston.—Timothy Crump's Ward: A Story of American Life. 1866. Pp. 183.
HENRY C. LEA, Philadelphia.—Superstition and Force: Essays on the Wager of Law, the Wager of Battle, the Ordeal, Torture. By Henry C. Lea. 1866. Pp. 407.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—Customs of Service for the Officers of the Army. By August V. Kautz. 1866. Pp. 339.

THE ROUND TABLE.

FOR WEEK ENDING AUGUST 18.

THE PARTISAN PRESS.

THERE is something inexpressibly wearisome in the endless jars and recriminations of the partisan press. Its ungracious personalities, its constant reiteration of party slang, its habitual neglect of subjects of substantial public interest for the sake of bandying epithets and gratifying the pettiest of passions, induce a barrenness of effect—a dreary monotone of color—which it is not unjust to say is both unworthy and tedious. The public are heartily tired of these interminable discussions about what Mr. A. wrote last year, what Mr. B. said at Albany, and what Mr. C. meant to say at Washington; and the public would be infinitely obliged to Messrs. A., B., and C. if they would leave off abusing each other and the general patience, and take to conducting their newspapers in such a manner as to approach something like interest and consistency.

The conspicuous defect of the partisan presses is that, like a man with the jaundice, they tinge everything they touch with the same unpleasant hue. Every article, every paragraph, is seasoned with partisanship. Their columns are glanced over with little hope and thrown aside with less regret. We know pretty well what will be in them beforehand; and are seldom agreeably disappointed. Seldom or never are we startled by anything approaching freshness or originality. If there is a momentary divergence from the staple fare, a dull and flabby effect is usually produced, still dashed by the prevalent flavor. We are reminded of cooks who prepare everything in the same saucepan and serve with a never varied garnish. It is hard to see any conceivable advantage about this system unless it be one which is probably the last that is contemplated by those who practice it, namely, that of curing people of a taste for politics on the same principle—that of mixing with every article of food—whereupon inebriates are now cured of the appetite for brandy.

Another evil common to the partisan press is found in their inability to perceive or properly to estimate matters of great social interest and instruction to the community around them. They become afflicted with what may be termed a moral color-blindness, which not only prevents their own clear-seeing but leads them stoutly to deny that of every one else. An instance in point has just occurred. THE ROUND TABLE, as every one knows, has lately been attacking with severity certain social abuses and corruptions. For this, among other purposes, the paper is established. It is our desire to carry it out with discretion and conscientiousness, and we have a profound sense of the responsibility which such a purpose involves. We bring to the task—besides such literary ability as the public is the best judge of—a personal knowledge of society and municipal regulations in many European as well as American cities, which fairly entitles us to be regarded as qualified for the duties of comparison and inference. The practical experience gained through a residence of some years abroad, during which our attention was earnestly directed to this and similar topics, may surely be assumed to have furnished the data on which discriminating opinion may, without undue presumption, be expressed. At all events, such is the obvious impression of a large number of the most cultivated and intelligent people throughout the country. We have received letters from every direction expressive of the approving views, among others, of well-known clergymen, presidents of colleges, and eminent lawyers, and cordially thanking THE ROUND TABLE for its zealous and effective efforts in the cause of good morals and social improvement.

But the partisan presses, to use their own slang, don't see it in that light. The public has been very naturally led to inquire, as one consequence of the discussions in our columns, why such abuses have not been attacked before; and as naturally, to blame the partisan newspapers for the omission. With all their circulation and pretended power they have not had the pluck or the wit to do what THE ROUND TABLE has done. They are therefore somewhat dis-

pleased with us. There is a daily beauty in our life which makes them ugly. They have been so busy in attacking and abusing each other that they have had neither eyes nor time to attack and destroy the moral fungi which grow rank all around them. Consequently they attempt to take refuge by pleading that our views are unsound and that this or that assertion of THE ROUND TABLE is overstrained or delusive; imputations which are substantially intended to convey an idea that our statements are haphazard ones, founded on insufficient knowledge, or, briefly, that we do not know what we are talking about. We shall show all concerned that we know remarkably well what we are talking about in good time; meanwhile the public will receive these insinuations at their just value—and we ask no other or better judge; for the public well knows how notorious the partisan presses have become for random assertion, not to say deliberate misrepresentation, and will not wonder, however it may smile, to find either of them attributing to this paper a species of profligacy which itself is guilty of in the very breath which makes the imputation. We know that THE ROUND TABLE has done some good; and we intend it to do a great deal more. Where we find that evil things exist—social abuses, political corruptions, bad books or bad men—we shall continue to strike at them with all the force and spirit we can command; and we shall be under no necessity whatever to come to the partisan presses for instruction as to how, where, or when the lash shall fall.

PAINTED LADIES.

AN American who spent last year in and about London—now in Regent Street, now in Rotten Row, in the morning at the Crystal Palace, in the evening at the opera houses, congratulated himself that however at some points his fair countrywomen might be outshone by their English cousins, there was one wherein comparison would make triumphantly in their favor;—one, too, so significant in the story it told of the crowning flower, the sweetest grace of womanhood, that he thought it fairly outweighed ephemeral deficiencies which a hypercritical taste might impute. He had been for some time absent from home, and he came to the conclusion that however beautiful and charming Englishwomen, collectively speaking, might be, when the crucial test of this flower and grace was applied, the sought-for charm of *feminine modesty* was rarer there than with ourselves. He reflected that in America there was no difficulty, at least for a man of the world, in at once distinguishing a lady from a member of the *demi-monde*; while in England precisely such an embarrassment continually arose. In New York the distinction was obvious at a glance; in London the closest observation was as likely as not to lead to a false conclusion. Nor could the dilemma be ascribed to inexperience or to a foreigner's want of perception; since the first assumption would have been at variance with the facts, and as regarded the second the sharpest men about town in London were universally making the same observation.

Such things show best, or worst, by daylight; not only in themselves but in virtue of the license which evening dress and gaslight are by common consent permitted to imply. The Crystal Palace with its morning opera concerts and flower shows is frequently crowded by thousands of fashionable people of both sexes. It afforded, therefore, an excellent field for observation; and such scrutiny, often and carefully repeated, showed unequivocally, in cases so numerous as to constitute a rule, that it was impossible to distinguish modest females from the vicious—young ladies of family from kept mistresses or the Cyprians of the town. The similitude was far from being confined to the appointments of dress. The flaring skirts, the coquettish hats, the extravagantly pronounced *coiffures*, might have been identical and the distinction preserved in feature and expression. Nay, even, as was unhappily the case, the bold look and salient manner of the unfortunate class could have been closely imitated without necessitating a blunder, since, when the eyes and skin are seen in their natural condition, an indescribable but well-understood something always tells the story. But it was precisely here that the confusion arose. Not the

dress alone was similar, or the manners in part mistakable, the *mask* itself was the same. Paint and whitewash, with whose absence beauty was once thought compatible—Indian ink, formerly confined to the exigencies of the footlights—were daubed with unsparing hand on the countenances alike of ladies and courtizans. A woman's natural front was scarcely to be found; for hardly a creature in crinoline of any age or rank could be seen but her face was "enameled."

Here, surely, was a difference—a superiority which justified congratulation. It was a pleasure to think that no decent girl in America could possibly be taken by any discerning eye for a street-walker. But our traveler has returned, the world has moved in his absence, the civil war is over, our Union is restored, our country is safe, but our women —? In one sad phrase, *Nous avons changé tout cela*. There is small difference, alas! in this lamentable respect, between the Belgravia of '65 and the Fifth Avenue of '66. The wave of licentious and meretricious display has swept over American society in its turn, and our daughters and sweethearts flaunt the streets all aglare with rouge, powder, and painted brows, undistinguishable, through indulgence in habits so gross and demoralizing, from the veriest wantons of the pave.

There appeared last year in England a mania which seemed for a space to have the force of an epidemic. Men of high respectability were involved rather more frequently than those of lower degree. The nature of the disorder was manifest from the police reports. Young women of all ages were the complainants, although there were a very few instances of children making the charge no older than twelve or thirteen. The scene of the offense was generally a railway carriage, as those who see *Punch* may well remember, and the offense, as charged, consisted of improper assault. Now, in the great majority of cases, it distinctly appeared on the trial that the complainants were in the habit of using cosmetics of a character formerly only employed—by daylight and abroad, at all events—by females of an unequivocal class. A number of these accusations were doubtless trumped up with a view to extortion. But it was clear in the larger number of proved offenses that the original incentive was to be found in the doubtful character of the accuser. The mere appearance of evil here was quite enough to bring about mischief sometimes irreparable to both parties; and as it was there, so it may be here.

The extent and tendency of the evil are unquestionable. The shortness of the step from the appearance to the practice of vice is proverbial. Many people, in fact, can already point to instances where, with fatal facility, it has been taken. There are girls in houses of infamy to-day, by the dozen, of reputable parentage and education, whose first backsliding sprang from this cause; the pointed admiration and attention to which their conspicuous appearance gave rise having invited the temptation which led to their fall. Similar cases are constantly occurring; and who can doubt that, under such circumstances, they will continue to occur and to increase until the evil which so abundantly furnishes their occasion shall be abated? Go into the wealthiest and gayest quarters of the town and you shall see maidens of fifteen tripping along in scores with their young cheeks bechalked and bedizened in a manner that almost puts to the shame a coryphée of the grand opera. You shall see the coarse leer, the significant gesture, oftentimes the following in their track with salacious purpose, of those of the opposite sex who ever, in great cities, are lying in wait to destroy. The morning performances at the various places of amusement teem with evidences of the noxious drift of these brazen enormities. The indelicacies which were denounced as connected with the preposterous crinoline are exaggerated to the last degree by a practice which leaves no visible line of demarcation between virtue and depravity, and supplies a plausible excuse for the worst possible inferences to such as choose to draw them. If the same weariness of remonstrance is to succeed the advent of the latter which was shown after the introduction of the former fashion, the consequences will be proportionately darker ones.

Men will soon cease to believe in the chastity of

young women who are at such pains to suggest that they do not possess it. The young women will soon cease to value what they are not accredited with possessing. What seems a superficial habit will then rankle into a corrupting disease, whose end would be the resolution of our better classes of society into a bad imitation of the Parisian *demi-monde*. If fathers and brothers are powerless to interdict face-painting, mothers and matrons unable or unwilling to prevent it, it is plainly the business of the press to take up the subject, and by vigorous and well-directed assaults to overwhelm it with the weapons of ridicule and contempt. To fail in such a duty will constitute a dereliction which, if not the first our press, and more especially that of the metropolis, has been guilty of, will certainly prove in the sequel to have been among the most disastrous.

LITERARY NEEDS AND PERPLEXITIES.

AS editors of THE ROUND TABLE we are in constant receipt of letters written evidently in the belief that we are thoroughly familiar with every matter connected, however remotely, with literature; and need only be applied to to give, like an encyclopedia, full and accurate information. The proprietors, for instance, of provincial newspapers write, asking that we shall recommend to them competent editors. Editors wish to be placed on the track of correspondents and contributors. Writers want publishers, and committees lecturers, bibliomaniacs want to know where they can find rare editions, and every source of interrogation seems to be exhausted at our expense. We have before us now a letter from a gentleman possessed of a manuscript book of travels over the world, who is desirous of finding a publisher for the same. We have a closely written ream of paper, which we suppose to be an epic poem, left here with a request that against the author's return we shall be prepared with a candid criticism and ready to indicate any desirable emendations. Contributors of sonnets, odes, epithalamiums, madrigals, and the rest of the category, invariably accompany their verses with the request that they may be returned if not used; with which is usually joined a desire that we shall explain what is the matter with them. One gentleman, indeed, who has sent us a poem respecting birds, asks that in the contingency of our not printing it we shall immediately re-mail it to him, and adds that by inquiring of Mr. William Cullen Bryant, we may learn that his integrity is such that he will eventually indemnify us for the stamp and envelop employed for that purpose.

For several months—ever since it finished a novel by a leading English author—the most popular American monthly has been published without a serial story, for the reason that its editors were ignorant where to find a suitable one. Meanwhile there are, no doubt, plenty of writers ready and able to supply the want had they been aware of its existence. Everywhere foreign books are being reprinted by our publishers, and articles from English periodicals transferred to our magazines, while American talent is idle because its possessors apprehend that no market can be found for their literary wares. There is in fact in literary pursuits an almost insuperable difficulty of communication between producer and purchaser, which would be fatal to the prosperity of any commercial pursuit, and to which, we have little doubt, is largely attributable the languishing condition of American letters. Certainly there are publishers enough ready to pay for good books whenever they know of their existence; and it seems out of the question that we have not enough writers of sufficient calibre to relieve our periodicals of the necessity of seeking English contributors, if only their talents were not wasted and misdirected. The writers and their articles get to the wrong publishers. In our own case we are constantly receiving contributions excellent in themselves, but totally unadapted to our columns. We have accumulated in our office as many unavailable poems of a by no means despicable order as would fill a sizable volume, and which we could severally direct to the periodicals that would be glad to print them. And we make little doubt that there are a number of articles such as we desire which, in the same inappropriate manner, have found their way to editors who have no use for them.

We indicated, some time ago, the field for honora-

ble and remunerative occupation which this unsatisfactory state of things opened to any one competent to rectify it. A literary agency once established would be found to be as indispensable as an agency for real estate or any other purpose. It should bring together authors and publishers, receive and judge of manuscripts and designate their appropriate destinations, find lecturers for committees and lyceums for lecturers, answer the numberless inquiries that are constantly being made about books and authors; charging, of course, a suitable fee in every case. This would probably be the most feasible way of initiating the matter. A much more desirable form for it to take, but one more difficult to inaugurate, would be an association of literary men, of which the active membership should be confined to those of respectable standing in the literary world, while the payment of an annual fee should enable writers at a distance to avail themselves of all information and benefits to be derived from it. The receipts from casual inquirers would probably be sufficient to defray the working expenses of the organization, whose entire income ought to enable it to support creditable rooms well stocked with home and foreign periodical literature. The convenience of the thing would be as incalculable as the annoyances that now result from its want.

To return to our own case, whence we set forth. We have, it is well known, every disposition to promote, as far as we can, the cause of American letters, and to render THE ROUND TABLE indispensable to the cultivated classes of the community. But we are forced to decline maintaining the excessive correspondence that many of our readers seem to think the inclosure of a postage-stamp warrants them in asking. Not only must we cease answering letters on subjects entirely foreign to our business, but we can no longer undertake to return unused manuscripts. We certainly have no disposition to print in THE ROUND TABLE any article which its author has thought not worth the trouble of revising and copying; and we are frequently obliged to decline articles simply from the crudeness or diffuseness which that operation would have removed.

FRANCE AND GERMANY.

IF the fortunes of war are doubtful, those of diplomacy are still more uncertain. The best way to get peace is to conquer it; if the victor stops short of the final battle, after which he can impose what terms he chooses, and leaves room for any negotiation, he is apt to be cheated out of his fair rights. After the battle of Königgrätz had annihilated the Austrian army of the north, when the Austrians had retreated from Olmütz, and Presburg was all but taken, with every chance of the capture of Vienna, and final and complete victory, through Napoleon's mediation an armistice was obtained and the preliminaries of peace are being discussed. Diplomacy has always been Austria's best army, and so we fear will it be now.

The demands on all sides are very moderate, too moderate indeed to bring hope of permanent peace. In Italy the only *sine qua non* is the cession of Venetia; but the question whether Venetia is to include the Italian Tyrol is still open. The Tyrol was separated from Venetia by the Austrians for convenience of government, and properly belongs to Italy. Its possession is necessary to give a secure frontier against German aggression. The Bavarians, and even perhaps the Prussians, in the name of Germany, would protest against any treaty which gave these provinces to Italy and thus expose Germany to a southern attack. Their fears are groundless; for history shows that since the days of the Roman Republic the only aggressions and invasions have been from the north. The Tridentine provinces, and Trieste and Istria, were under Venetian sway when Venice still resisted, and the Italians claim them now. If their fleet had been victorious at Lissa, or had the battle at Florisdorf been fought, they would probably have gained them; as it is they must probably content themselves with Venetia in its restricted boundaries, and leave the rectification of frontiers to some future favorable circumstance.

With Austria lying prostrate, and all the princelings annihilated, the basis of negotiation proposed by Prussia is by no means what could have been demanded. Austria is indeed to withdraw from

the German Confederation, and is to be deprived of that station which, as one of the Great Powers, it has so long enjoyed, and its very existence is threatened. This is enough to feed the pride of Prussia, to humble an old rival, and to get rid of an awkward restraint on her future progress. But it is not enough for the welfare of Germany. The states lying between the detached halves of Prussia and the Elbe duchies are to be absorbed, but the princelings are to be nominally restored to their petty thrones. A new confederation of all the states north of the Main is to be formed, with Prussia as its sole representative for diplomacy, war, and commerce. The southern states may join the confederation, or may form one among themselves, or with Austria. Probably the temperament of the king is one of the reasons of this strange moderation. He has a strong feeling of caste, and has still some sympathy for his nephew, the Emperor of Austria, and does not wish to humble him too much, nor does he wish to entirely dispossess the petty sovereigns. The command of their armies being secured to him, he is willing to allow them a show of authority. Even thus, more has been obtained than Bismark could have hoped for in the beginning. But if he is satisfied with this, Germany is not. Unity has been the one thing longed for by German patriots for many years. The dream of unity caused the great uprising of 1848, and will cause still others, until it becomes a reality. Germany sees now a chance of unity, though in a different form from that first imagined. A German parliament has been called, and its meeting may result in an empire and not a confederation. The people of Baden and Württemberg already see that their best hope is with the North; and Bavaria, with its *dilettante* king, cannot long remain alone. The parliament may force an imperial crown on the King of Prussia, whose sense of honor will not allow him to grasp it for himself. He will not decline the crown so offered. The fate of Germany is in great measure in its own hands.

Yet not entirely, for France is an armed spectator over the border. Napoleon has allowed Prussia to do what it has done; Napoleon has saved Austria from the fate that was awaiting her; and Napoleon now, in the name of France, protests against the formation of an overwhelmingly powerful, independent state in Central Europe, unless the balance can be preserved by an increase of the strength and power of France. The telegrams say that "the French cabinet has demanded the restoration of the frontier of 1814." That this can be all which is desired is improbable. The accession of a few leagues of territory, containing some valuable coal-mines indeed, but which are already the property of a French company, cannot be enough to counterbalance the enormous aggrandizement of Prussia. The demand of France is supported by a show of strength. Her fleet is the most powerful in Europe, and her soldiers, in great part newly armed with weapons more deadly than even the needle-gun, will be able to hold their own against the victorious army of Prussia. Unless France can obtain a large slice of territory on her eastern frontier, a great European war seems imminent. The Rhine is the natural boundary of France, and a war for the Rhine will unite all Frenchmen. Napoleon has not, like the legitimist opposition, any jealousy of Germany, but he has a desire for the supremacy of France. If France is strong, he does not wish to see other countries weak, and will be glad of a United Germany as of a United Italy. The Empire has obtained for France social order, success in war, and controlling influence abroad. It has given to Italy its nationality, and to Germany hopes which can be realized, and has freed the Continent from Holy Alliances. Germany now must give up something and consent to withdraw a little beyond the Rhine, or see its hopes fail. The fact that the territory necessary to France is peopled by Germans is nothing. There are cases where nationality cannot and should not control. With Germany united, the Rhine frontier is a political necessity to France. In every community some individual rights must be abandoned or encroached upon for the public good; so here, there can be neither present nor future peace in Europe, until France is strengthened, and the German wedge, which the treaties of 1815 left sticking into her side, is withdrawn.

LITERARIANA.

AMERICAN.

THE dullness which generally prevails in the trade at this season, which so far as publishing is concerned is a "summer rest," to borrow a phrase from Gail Hamilton, who by the way seems not to allow herself any rest, either in summer or winter—the absence, we say, of literary news occasionally drives us to our wits' end (or would, if we were in the habit of taking long journeys), for how is it possible to write when there is nothing to write about? The Egyptians made bricks without straw, a pitiless reader remarks. So we have read, we reply; but that was a great while ago, such a very great while ago, that it may have been only a story after all. But supposing it to have been true, we are not told what kind of bricks they were—whether they were good for anything or no; our private opinion is, that they were shapeless, crumbling, useless masses of clay. However this may be, our tale must be forthcoming as usual, straw or no straw. In this worse than Israelitish bondage, then, suppose we borrow a few bundles from others? They will not be as good, of course, as if we had cut them ourselves, though some of them are gathered from opulent fields, which have long lain fallow, never again to yield a harvest on earth.

This little straw will show how the wind was blowing with Theodore Hook in August, 1811:

"TAVISTOCK HOTEL, Tuesday.

"MY DEAR SIR: The dreadful and accumulated litigations at the Haymarket Theatre, which were completely unforeseen and unfared by me, place me in the most distressing situation in regard to you. Believe me nothing can give me more pain than to remain your debtor so long under the circumstances of the case. I hope and trust that a few days will now enable me (from another source) to repay the sum I owe you—the obligation I shall never be able to repay. Let me entreat you to believe me, Yours faithfully and gratefully,

"THEO. HOOK."

It is not a pleasant thing to see an author writing letters of this kind; but Hook, poor fellow, was used to it. About two years before the date of this note, the author of "Caleb Williams" wrote as follows to an anonymous admirer:

SIR: I certainly feel gratified by the opinion which you, a stranger, have conceived of my character, so shall be happy to give you any advice in my power as to the purpose you have in view. Will it be agreeable to you to favor me with a call on Wednesday next at twelve o'clock, or will you be so obliging as to name any other time for that purpose?

"I am, sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"W. GODWIN.

"SKINNER STREET, July 31, 1809."

The penmanship of Godwin, the reader may like to know, is large and clear, and in its general character not unlike that of Shelley. Very different is the handwriting of Ebenezer Elliott, being as large as the "plowman's fist" of Burns, which by the way it resembles:

"HARGATE HILL, near Barneley, 31st August, 1849.

"SIR: I was not aware that my name had reached you, though I claim to be a predecessor of Cobden, and with my Master, Colonel Thompson, a principal leader of the Greatest and Most Beneficial Revolution that Man has yet seen. Thanking you for this opportunity of saying so, I am,

"Your obliged and

"honoured Friend,

"EBENEZER ELLIOTT."

At the bottom of the page is the word "over," and on the other side this stanza:

"Poor Alfred!

To love his mother—and to die!

To perish in his bloom!

Is this his brief, sad history?

A tear, dropp'd from a Mother's eye

Into the tomb!

EBENEZER ELLIOTT."

Not to be ungallant, we will now hear what the ladies have to say, beginning with delightful Maria Edgeworth, who wrote a rather large, running, school-girl hand:

"March 15th, 92 PRINCE'S PLACE.

"'Tuck up your robes and buskin soon,' for we are all impatient for you to come back to us; and if (God help our selfish natures!) it will give you any pleasure to know that your friends feel pain in your absence, you may enjoy that pleasure. The want of your kindness and cheerful temper will always be felt by any one who has lived with you. And it is a comfortable thing—is it not?—to be tolerably certain that people will feel uncomfortable when we go away? My mother and sisters desire me to tell you—

"But first, do you like a compliment in profile or in full front? I have no objection to a full front myself, and as I can't draw a profile, there are two reasons why I must tell you my mother and sisters' message just as it came fresh from their lips, or rather fresh from their hearts.

"Do tell Mrs. Chandler we think her very agreeable, and order her to come back again directly.' So, 'Tuck up your robes and buskin soon,' etc.

"My mother has had a terrible toothache for several

days and has been really very ill of a feverish complaint. Lovell I think much better than when you saw him. But come and look for yourself. If I tell you everything you'll have no curiosity left, and what's a woman without curiosity? Not that I believe our unfortunate, aspersed sex have one grain more native curiosity in their composition than those wise Frowners yclept Philosophers, who when their nettle porridge perchance be not made to their liking, or when some other sad grievance puts them out of conceit with this world and all that it contains, turn to us poor women and, shutting one of their august eyes, pore with the other through a huge magnifying glass at our faults—pretty specks, our faults are at worst, if they would but see them in a proper light!

"We have been with Mrs. Day very often, and I need not tell you are extremely pleased, interested, and entertained by her conversation. Come you too and let us have more Talk, as Dr. Johnson calls it, who by the way loved Talk as well as the best of us. And pray bring Miss C., with you, for there is a rumor abroad, that she will come, and if you disappoint us, woe be to you! In the meantime tell her that I am much obliged by her polite letter and much flattered by the fine things she says. Adieu, dear Miss C. old and young, sick and well, sad and merry, desire to be affectionately remembered to you. And amongst the merry ones I am and hope long to continue. Truly yours, MARIA EDGEWORTH.

"My father and mother join with me in best respects to Mr. Chandler."

A translation from Schiller in the cramped, nervous handwriting of L. E. L., and our tale of bricks is made.

THE COMING OF SPRING.

In a valley, sweet with singing,
From the hill and from the wood
When the green moss rills were springing,
A wondrous maiden stood.

The first lark seemed to carry
Her coming through the air;
Not long she went to tarry,
Though she wandered none knew where.

A rosy light fell o'er her,
Too beautiful to last;
All hearts rejoiced before her,
And gladdened as she past.

She brought strange fruit and flowers,
Within her sunny hand,
That knew the shine and showers
Of some more glorious land.

The winter ice was broken,
The waters flashed with gold;
She brought to each a token,
The young man and the old.

Each seemed a welcome comer,
Her gifts made all rejoice;
But two—the nearest summer,
These had the fairest choice.

Now, I, of all that gather
In the zodiac's golden zone,
Love a month whose sullen weather
Has no love but my own.

Though its fierce, wild winds are sweeping
The last leaf from the thorn;
Though the rose in earth be sleeping,
Yet then my love was born.

THE late George Arnold left poems enough in print and manuscript to make a second volume as large as that already collected, and Mr. Winter, his editor and biographer, is engaged in preparing them for the press. They are said by those who have seen them to be equal to those in the first volume, while a number are distinguished by an element of gayety and an airier strain of music. We trust that Mr. Winter will include in the second volume of Arnold's remains some of the commemorative poems which his death occasioned.

THE Irish ballad of "Shamus O'Brien," upon which the drama of that name is based, was not written by Mr. Samuel Lover, as the advertisements and the critics announce, but by Mr. J. Sheridan Le Fanu, a grand-nephew of the Sheridan, and the writer of several novels, the latest of which, "The House by the Church-yard," has just been republished by Mr. Carleton. This ballad was originally published in the "Dublin University Magazine" for December, 1850, with a note:

"The following attempt to throw into metrical form, without departing from the Southern Irish idiom, was written for a dear and gifted relative, and with a view to recitation, for which the author feels it to be much better suited than for presentation in cold type to a critical public. He relies, however, upon their good nature, at least as much as he dreads their justice; and is also comforted by the following considerations: The friend whom he has mentioned gave a copy of the ballad to our fellow-countryman, Samuel Lover, immediately before his departure for America, and there, aided by those talents which make Mr. Lover's entertainments so delightful, its success was at once so flattering and decisive as to induce the author to place it at the disposal of his old friend, Anthony Poplar. It is unnecessary to say that had not the unlucky coincidence of the name of the hero and the subject of the ballad with certain incidents in the melancholy history of the last two years, made it unavailable with propriety for the purposes of public recitation in Ireland, the author would immeasurably have preferred sending the legend before his countrymen with the great and peculiar advantages it enjoyed at the other side of

the water. Such as it is, however, it is heartily at their service."

THE name of the new novel upon which Mrs. R. H. Stoddard is engaged is said to be "Temple House." Like its predecessors, it is a story of Life in New England.

THE stanzas below are by Mr. George Cooper, of this city:

LA MORGUE.

A window thro' which we look upon
The lone and friendless dead;
White marble slabs, where lies at rest
Each pale world-weary head.

Sad eyes, the windows of sadder souls:
Come! see the dead they hold:
Wan, ghastly waifs as yet unclaimed,
Long-lying, stark, and cold.

FOREIGN.

MR. WILLIAM JERDAN, a *littérateur* of some repute in his day, the editor of the old "Literary Gazette," which he conducted for nearly a third of a century, and which may claim the credit of discovering L. E. L., has lately published a volume of personal recollections under the title of "Men I Have Known." It contains between fifty and sixty different sketches, originally contributed to the "Leisure Hour," and commemorative of Mr. Jerdan's friends and acquaintances in the literary, scientific, and art circles of forty or fifty years ago. The most interesting of these sketches are those in which the poets and prose writers of England are described; and as they compose nearly one half of the volume, it is safe to pronounce it an addition to our rather scanty collection of such *ana*. The first writer whom Mr. Jerdan touches upon is the Rev. Richard Harris Barham, the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," to whose sterling qualities he pays a just tribute, and of whose talents as a comic commentator on Shakespeare he relates an anecdote in connection with this couplet from "Macbeth":

"When the hurly-burly's done,
Then the battle's lost and won."

"This," says Mr. Jerdan, "I think Ingoldsby professed to expound as having some reference to the great minister of Elizabeth, in whose reign the play was written. It was, he observed, a compliment to that eminent statesman to suppose that he would permit no important action to take place without his allowance and direction; thus the true reading was:

"When the Earl of Burleigh's done,
Then the battle's lost and won."

Of course, this dictum was controverted as nonsense, and it was suggested by Hook (I think) as the more sensible text, that as the fight was probably begun in the morning, and soldiers were in the habit of fortifying their courage with a dram before rushing on the enemy, the words might be:

"When the early puri is done,
Then the battle's lost and won."

But this yet more staggered our listening friend, and he put in his criticism that puri was a drink not invented in the Elizabethan age. 'Not invented then! Pooh! It was as old as the Pharaohs! Did not Cleopatra speak of it when she said: "Into this cup a *pearl* I'll throw"? The objector in question was," as Mr. Jerdan observes, "shut up." "He was convinced that 'hurly-burly' was rather vulgar and unmeaning; but to decide between Cecil and the morning draught still persistent in the streets of London, transcended his immediate comprehension." Mr. Jerdan devotes ten pages to the Rev. William Lisle Bowles, of whom he does not tell us much that is new, although he quotes an epitaph written by him on an old soldier, buried in Bromhill churchyard, which is not printed in his poetical works:

"A poor old soldier shall not lie unknown,
Without a verse, and this recording stone.
'Twas he, in youth, o'er distant lands to stray,
Danger and death companions of his way:
Here in his native village, drooping age
Closed the lone evening of his pilgrimage.
Speak of the past—of names of high renown—
Of his brave comrades long to dust gone down,
His look with instant animation glow'd,
Tho' ninety winters on his head had snow'd,
His country, whilst he lived, alone supplied,
And Faith her shield held o'er him when he died.
Hope, Christian, that his spirit lives with God,
And pluck the vile weeds from the lowly sod,
Where dust to dust, beside the chancel's shade,
Till the last trump, a brave man's bones are laid."

The character of Campbell has always been an enigma to us, none of his biographers agreeing in their estimation of it, and an enigma it must remain for all the light that Mr. Jerdan sheds upon it. He denies the sin of hard drinking which has been generally laid at the door of the poet in the last years of his broken life. "When excited by his feelings," Mr. Jerdan says, "he was so

easily affected even by a small quantity of wine that both at private tables and at public gatherings he laid himself open to the ridiculous suspicion of imbecility or the graver imputation of habitual drunkenness. The latter was as unfounded a charge as the former; innocent causes, mental and physical, produced the appearances which misled casual observers. Those who intimately knew Campbell understood this." Mr. Jerdan gives a couple of poems by Campbell which are not printed in his works. The first, which was written on a scrap of paper that seemed to have been crumpled and worn in his pocket, is as follows:

"Whirl'd by the steam's impetuous breath,
I marked yon engine's mighty wheel:
How fast it forged the arms of death,
And molded adamant steel.

"But soon the life-like scene to stop—
The steam's impetuous breath to chill,
It needed but a single drop
Of water cold—and all was still!

"Even so—one tear by Mary shed:
It kills the bliss that once was mine;
And rapture from my heart is fled,
Who caused a tear to heart like thine!"

1831.

T. C.

LINES TO MRS. C. D.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

Could prayers avert the scythe of Time,
I'd pray in after ages,
One blossom of my humble rhyme
To live among these pages.

Your worth shall bid the blossom breathe
An undespoiled oblation:
'Tis from the altar that the wreath
Derives its consecration!

Worth, which the best of human kind
For friendship have selected,
And sense, that on the brightest mind
Has social light reflected.

Yet, whoso'er for your regards
May sue, more famed and noted,
Let me, at least, of England's bards,
Be held your most devoted.

September 16, 1832.

T. CAMPBELL.

Mr. Jerdan writes appreciatively of Hogg, whom he met in London, where he was being "lionized," and where he bore himself much better than one would have expected from his rustic education. "No conduct could be more correct, and no behavior more polite, than his, through the whole trying ordeal of social and refined London, and yet in ordinary circumstances he was strangely untutored in the ways of practical men." Hogg's vanity has often been commented upon, but Mr. Jerdan found him modest, at least as regarded some of his own verses over which the journalist was enthusiastic. "Surely ye're daft," said the frank-spoken shepherd; "it's only joost true about the wee burdies, and the cows at e'en, and the wild flowers, and the sunset and clouds, and things, and feelings they cre-at. A' (I) canna fathom what ye're making a' this fuss about. It's joost a plain description of what everybody can see; there's nae grand poetry in it." It is this "joost true" sort of verse, Jamie, which is in the mouths of all, while the "grand poetry" keeps its silent immortality on the shaded shelves of our libraries.

Of Joseph Jekyll, famed for his wit, of which, however, but few specimens have reached us, Mr. Jerdan relates an anecdote which suggests the *bon mot* of Sydney Smith and his Pennsylvania bonds. A certain Serjeant Pell was haranguing a party at the Freemason's Tavern concerning Spanish bonds, of which he and they were large holders. "I heard Pell," said Jekyll, "preaching a sermon this morning about Spanish bonds. I think I could have given him a text." "What text?" "Well, I think this expression of St. Paul, 'I would that all men were even as I am, except these bonds!'" Of Richard Martin, of Galway, a noted duelist and Member of Parliament, Mr. Jerdan has a good anecdote. "A leading morning journal incurred his ire by a report of his speech, and he waited upon the editor for an explanation. The editor stated that it was written by one of the most intelligent and accurate reporters on his staff, and he could hardly imagine any, far less any deliberate, intention to misrepresent the honorable gentleman. To this excuse the complainant only replied by pulling a copy of the paper out of his pocket, and indignantly pointing to the obnoxious passage, exclaiming, 'Sir, did I ever speak in italics?' The effect was so ludicrous that both parties burst into a fit of laughter, and the affair was compromised without rancor or bloodshed." This Martin, by the way, who would make no more of winging his man than he would of popping away at a sparrow, was a prominent and indefatigable member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals! The poet Rogers does not appear to advantage in Mr. Jerdan's volume, nor, for that matter, do we know where he does, outside of his careful

and polished verse. Here is a glimpse of him: "In his writings as in his daily life, Mr. Rogers was fastidious. In correcting for the press, only Campbell could equal him for anxiety to polish. On one occasion I chanced to see a sheet of one of his poems ('Italy,' I think) as it was passing through the printer's hands, and pointed out some very slight errors. The reader told him of this hyper-criticism—for it was nothing more—and he canceled the whole of the impression, and introduced the required alterations, at the expense of above £100. In other respects he would not be guilty of anything like extravagance. On the contrary, there was a curious spice of the miser-economy in his nature. He was fond of going to evening parties, at-homes, conversaciones, or however called by fashion, and instead of being attended by his carriage, as a wealthy man, he would walk home with his umbrella. It was upon an occasion of this kind that he met with the accident which crippled him during his later years, and no doubt hastened his death. Yet, when his bank was robbed he did not show the least regret for his loss, only an intense desire to discover the plunderers." A feature in Mr. Jerdan's volume, which has just been published in this country, in handsome form, by Messrs. George Routledge & Sons, is a facsimile autograph of each of the subjects of his reminiscences—a specialty which we do not remember to have seen carried out in any similar publication, and which will probably commend it to collectors for the purpose of "illustration."

A MR. JAMES HUTCHINSON, who has lately published a work on the Rāmāyana of Valmiki, at Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, maintains that the "Iliad" of Homer is more or less a reproduction of that Hindu epic. The rape of Helen and the siege of Troy, he contends, are in reality only the carrying off of Sitā and the capture of Lanka, transmuted from the Hindu to the Greek mind—from the sloka to the hexameter. He asserts his conviction, which we do not share, that Homer not only worshiped the same deities as the Hindus, but was a Hindu himself. We have not learned that Mr. Hutchinson has made any converts to his theory, which seems to us wild in the extreme.

THE late Dr. Maginn, in one of his miscellaneous papers, quotes the coalheavers of London as a proof of what porter can do for the human frame, and contrasts them with the drinkers of French wines, who, of course, are puny in comparison. You don't catch a coalheaver, he says in effect, drinking champagne. To which his American editor subjoins a note: "How could a coalheaver get champagne to drink?" We are reminded of this query by a paragraph in a late number of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the substance of which was that "a little while since it was announced by a clergyman that 'a glass of sherry, with a biscuit, at 11 A.M., half-a-pint of bitter ale at an early dinner, and another glass of sherry in a cup of arrowroot at supper,' would be found efficacious in the prevention of cholera amongst the laboring classes." We have somewhere read of one of the young French princesses, of the Reign of Terror or thereabouts, who, on being told that the peasants were dying for want of bread, asked "why they didn't eat cake instead!"

THE Brothers Redgrave, in their "Century of British Painters," which is well spoken of, relate a number of amusing anecdotes of English artists and their pictures, among others the following of F. Danby and his "Disappointed Love," a painting in the Sheepshanks Collection, which one of the Redgraves visited in company with Lord Palmerston and Sir George Cornwall Lewis:

"Mr. Sheepshanks was, of course, present, and even more full of anecdote about the pictures than usual. The visitors paused before 'Disappointed Love,' struck by the deep gloom of the spot the painter had chosen for the scene of his story. Lord Palmerston remarked that it was a pity the girl was so ugly. 'Yes,' said Mr. Sheepshanks, 'one feels that the sooner she drowns herself the better. She always reminded me,' he continued, 'of the reply of a judge on the Northern Circuit who had tried a girl for destroying her child. Some lady, who was deeply interested in the woman's fate, met the judge at dinner, and ventured to say, imploringly, did he mean to leave the poor girl to be hanged?' 'Hanged, madam!' replied the irritated judge, 'hanged, madam, certainly; what else is she fit for, she is so confoundedly ugly!'"

THE British Museum has lost a valuable servant in the person of Mr. William Hookham Carpenter, keeper of prints and drawings, who died lately at his residence in Bloomsbury, at the age of seventy-five. The son of a publisher in Old Bond Street, his early literary life was occupied with an edition of Spence's "Anecdotes;" later, viz., in 1844, he produced his "Pictorial Notices" of Vandyke and his contemporaries, which led to his appointment to the British Museum, the print-room of which soon began to show the results of his knowledge and enterprise. Its acquisitions, made under his direction, included engravings by the Italian masters, a large number of the etchings of Rembrandt and other masters of the

Dutch school, many excellent works from the collections of Sir Thomas Lawrence and some marvelous drawings by Michael Angelo, which last were obtained by special purchase from the descendants of the great artist. Eleven years ago he was sent on a mission to Venice, where he procured a remarkable volume of drawings by Jacopo Bellini. In short, Mr. Carpenter understood his business, and the British Museum profited by his devotion to its interests.

AT a recent sale of autographs belonging to Sir John Fenn, the editor of the "Paston Letters," five letters of Sir Thomas Browne, of the "Vulgar Errors" and "Religio Medici," realized £3 10s.; a letter of Henry VIII., £7; a letter signed by Bacon, as Baron Verulam, and others, £10 10s.; a letter of Washington, £5 5s.; and a letter of Sterne's, £5 10s. Letters by Sterne are not common, although his autograph sometimes occurs on the fly-leaves of the first edition of "Tristram Shandy," and always in the fifth, seventh, and ninth volumes, the press copies of which he probably signed to insure their genuineness, as there were spurious continuations in the market.

PERSONAL.

MR. STERLING COYNE, the dramatist, has lately written a play for Mr. Florence, the Irish comedian, who is at present in England.

MR. TOM TAYLOR has just written an Irish drama; we are not told for whom.

LORD BROUGHAM was in Paris at the last accounts, superintending a translation of his work on the British Constitution.

M. PONSARD, the French dramatist, has been presented with a silver vase by the municipal authorities of Vienne, in the neighborhood of which town he resides. The bowl of the vase, which is supported on an antique tripod, is surrounded by groups from his plays, as *Lucrèce*, *Ulysse*, *Agnes de Meranie*, etc.

MR. SMITH, of the firm of Smith, Elder & Co., publishers, the proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, recently gave a dinner to its contributors, at which Lord Houghton, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Anthony Trollope, and other notabilities were present.

DR. W. H. RUSSELL, the war-correspondent of the *Times*, has written a novel of the standard size of three volumes, called "The Adventures of Dr. Brady; or, The City and the Camp." It is of the Lever order; if we may judge by the title and the antecedents of the author.

A DAUGHTER of Madame de Genlis is extant in France, in the person of a vintner's wife, a Madame Durand, who was by birth Alexandrine de Brulard de Genlis. A daughter of the Duchess d'Abrantes survives in the station of a mantua-maker, lodging, for aught we know, with a sister of M. Thiers, who keeps a boarding-house.

M. LAMARTINE has begun to write his "Memoirs," which will extend to twelve volumes, and will be published in installments of threes. He is to be his own publisher.

THE publishers of M. Victor Hugo gave up business on the first of July, having realized a large fortune from the sale of his works—report says between three and four hundred thousand dollars from the more recent ones—meaning, we suppose, "Les Misérables" and "Les Travailleurs de la Mer." The printer, M. Poupart Davyl, has purchased their good-will and contracts, and is negotiating with M. Hugo for a new novel in ten volumes, which he is understood to be writing, and which is entitled "Ninety-Three." He asks the trifle of one hundred thousand dollars for it.

M. HUGO, who is said to give away more copies of his works than any author in Europe, and generally with a sharp eye to business, recently addressed a letter to M. Lacausade, who reviewed him as a poet in the "Revue Française." Here it is:

"SIR: I knew and highly appreciated the poet in you. You reveal the critic to me. One is worthy of the other. One feels in what you write you have practiced the great art. I have just read your admirable and profound essay on my poetical works. I disagree with you on more than one point; but I am charmed, touched, and at times stirred to ravishment by the many lofty qualities of philosopher and artist displayed by you in these few pages. You have two great qualities without which no mind is complete. I mean cotemporary sentiment and eternal taste. You understand the nineteenth century, and you understand the ideal. Hence your power as a critic, your penetration as an artist. People nowadays talk a great deal of taste, and those who talk of it most are those who have least of it. They are engrossed by a local and ephemeral taste, the French taste of the seventeenth century. They cannot appreciate what I have just called eternal taste. Therefore, in the name of Boileau they emulacate Horace, and in the name of Racine they deny Æschylus. To bring back literature from this false taste to the true

taste which goes from Aristophanes to Shakespeare, and from Dante to Molière, is the office of a mind like yours. Who says office, says mission; who says mission, says duty. Continue your great work to advance the ideal. I thank you for myself, and applaud you for all.

VICTOR HUGO.

MR. WATTS PHILLIPS lately produced a play at the Princess' Theater, London, which was eminently successful, though it was not "adapted from the French" nor dramatized from a sensation novel. Its title was "The Huguenot Captain," and the scene Paris about the time of the dreadful massacre of St. Bartholomew.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: A correspondent inquires (July 14) as to the authorship of the lines commencing,

"Will Wag went to see Charley Quirk,"

which, however, he quotes somewhat incorrectly. They were written by Mrs. Caroline Gilman, who was born in Boston about 1793 or 1794. The piece can be found in Zachos's "New American Speaker."

In Campbell's poem of "O'Connor's Child" is the following:

"Now on the grass-green turf he sits,
His tasseled horn beside him laid,
Now o'er the hills in chase he flits,
The hunter and the deer a shade!"

Compare Philip Freneau, "The Indian Burying-Ground:"

"By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In habit for the chase array'd,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer a shade!"

Freneau was born in 1752, died in 1832; Campbell was born in 1777, died in 1844. Which stanza first saw the light?

With all due deference to THE ROUND TABLE and the Reader, both of which are of opinion that Goethe is referred to when Tennyson speaks of

"—him who sings

To one clear harp of divers tones,"

permit me to suggest differently. It is hardly probable that the laureate intended any one who, at the time "In Memoriam" was being thought out, had at all recently gained the zenith of living popularity. (Goethe died in 1832.) He doubtless had in mind some one who had written so long before as to have been weighed in the judgment of centuries. Yet it could not have been Homer or Virgil. Was it not, then, one who sang three thousand years ago as never poet since has sung—to a harp clearer than time has ever heard, toned now to the loud peans of triumph, now to the low, sweet murmurings of thankfulness, now to the lofty breathings of aspiration—and the burden of all whose songs was that

"Men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things,"

the sweet singer King David, the shepherd of Israel?

Can any one of the readers of THE ROUND TABLE tell me where I can find the speech of Richard Brinsley Sheridan in the British Parliament which contains the following sentence:

"Give them a corrupt House of Lords—give them a corrupt House of Commons—give them a corrupt clergy—and give me but an unfettered press, and I defy them to enroach one hair's breadth on the liberties of England!"

I have searched pretty thoroughly in every place where it ought to be, and can't find it.

O. VON K.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., August 4, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: In your issue of the 4th inst. is an inquiry by "M. H. B." concerning the "debt" referred to in the following line from Keats:

"Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt."

The inquiry reminds me of a note by Leigh Hunt on this passage, which, as your correspondent may not have seen, I give below:

"What Keats means by Merlin's 'monstrous debt' I cannot say. Merlin obtained King Arthur his interview with the fair Imogene; but, though the son of a devil and conversant with the race, I am aware of no debt that he owed them. Did Keats suppose that he had sold himself, like Faust?"

The interview referred to in this note is given in full in Geoffrey of Monmouth's "British History" (book 8, ch. xix.), where it is Uther Pendragon, not Arthur, who is the hero. But probably some one can give a more satisfactory explanation than Hunt's of what Keats had in mind when he wrote the passage cited.

Very truly yours,

S. D.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Your correspondent, "M. H. B.," quotes from the "Eve of St. Agnes:"

"Never on such a night have lovers met
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt,"

and asks what the "debt" was.

"M. H. B." will find the best solution in Tennyson's "Vivien," in the "Idylls of the King." It would seem that the magic book containing the secret charm of "woven paces and of waving hands" had been handed down to Merlin, and to him alone, by the

"glassy-headed man

Who lived alone in a great wild, on grass."

This charm so wrought that its victim would be "lost to name and fame," dead to all the world but the person wielding its power. But as all mischief came through woman,

so was even the wise Merlin beguiled by the wily Vivien. After trying her charms in vain, she said at last:

"You have the book; the charm is written in it:
Good; take my counsel: let me know it at once.
For keep it like a puzzle, chest on chest,
With each chest locked and padlocked thirty-fold,
And whelm all this beneath so vast a mound
As after furious battle turfs the slain,
On some wild down above the windy deep,
I yet should strike upon a sudden means
To dig, pick, open, read the charm."

But Merlin still refused:

"Ask no more;
For though you should not prove it upon me,
But keep that oath you swore, you might, perchance,
Assay it on some one of the Table Round."

Yet still she persevered; threatened to

"Weep her life away,
Killed with unutterable nakedness.
Called him her lord and liege,
Her seer, her bard, her silver star of eve,
Her god, her Merlin, the one passionate love
Of her whole life;"

until then and there, amid the wild and most tempestuous night, he "yielded and told her all."

"Then in one moment she put forth the charm
Of woven paces and of waving hands,
And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,
And lost to life and use, to name and fame."

So the "debt" seems to have been to be obliged himself to suffer from the charm which had been intrusted to him alone, but which he had betrayed to another, which goes to show the great power a woman has even over the wisest men, and that even they cannot always "keep a secret."

MARY E. NEALY.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: In a review of "Felix Holt, the Radical," published in the last number of your paper, you state that the author is Mrs. Lewes. In the "Personal" column of the same number, however, the authorship is ascribed to Miss Marion Evans; while the title-page of the book, quoted by you, indicates that the author is George Eliot. Will you reconcile this discrepancy and oblige a constant reader and former contributor?

The writer of "Felix Holt" was born Marian Evans. She published her first book under the *nom de plume* of George Eliot, and she is now, report says, the wife of Mr. George H. Lewes, the editor of the "Fortnightly Review," and the author of a "Life of Goethe," etc., etc. This is all that we know of the triple identity of the lady, which is certainly a puzzling one for literary purposes.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Heros von Borcke is not a myth or pseudonym, but the real name of a real man. I knew him in Paris several years ago—a large, awkward, green, very green youth he then was. Thompson may have made up the "Blackwood" papers from his notes or conversation; certainly Borcke could not have written them in their present form; he has not sufficient command of English.

C. A. BRISTED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Can you tell me who is the author of the following lines, or in what poem they may be found—

"Like the snow-flake on the river,
A moment white, then gone for ever?"

Yours respectfully,

M.

August 3, 1866.

To the best of our recollection, these lines occur in Burns's "Tam O'Shanter."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Whence the expression—"Monsieur Tenson come back again?" It comes up in the editorials of the *Herald* and *Tribune* about seven times a year.

G. R. D.

ALBANY, August 3.

It originated, we believe, in the farce of the same name frequently acted by the elder Matthews.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: I perceive that in "Notes and Queries" you are dipping gradually into that fountain of all fun—queer names. Permit me to add one or two which have amused me as I encountered them in sheet or book.

There is a Dr. Music in St. Louis, who ought not to be a dentist, though I believe he is. A Dr. Tongue proclaims himself in this city as an *oculist* and *aurist*. Dr. Duck, a name suggestive of *quackery*, has his location on Wabash Avenue, in this city. R. G. Dun & Co. have offices in St. Louis and Chicago, for "making collections in all parts of the United States." Bumpus & Woodsum, of Jackson, Mich., are doing an excellent dry goods business, while Gunn & Locke of Detroit, though in the same line of trade, seem to be more suggestive of hardware. I saw a label on a bottle the other day which read "Stickwell & Co.'s Extra Adhesive Mucilage, New York." On Woodward Avenue, Detroit, is (or was) located "A Honese's Barber Shop." A comical sign is in this city, "Root & Coon, Eggs, Butter and Cheese."

So far as individual names go, I never heard any better for length than that of an authentic person in Chester County, Pennsylvania. All of the name I give was given to me, but I am afraid I have lost a section or two. The person was called after several maiden aunts, in order to be sure of a legacy somewhere, and if I was informed correctly, they were all disgusted because she was named

for no one of them in particular, and so gave her nothing. This was terrible, indeed, when a woman had to bear about such a bustling collection of designations as "Hannah Susannah Francina Francisca Van Hook Van Horn Blair Edmundson Turner."

But the worst name for a man—one which I propose as a model of badness, and for which I challenge competition forthwith—is that of a clergyman. Look in the "Minutes of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church," (U. S.) for 1865, and on page 89 (I love to be specific in such matters) you will find the name of "Bilious Pond, W.C., Richland, Ill." The letters "W.C.," I suppose you know mean "without charge." The parent's fertile imagination ought to be charged with the result.

I have searched for Mr. Pond. More than Peter Schlemihl for his lost shadow have I endeavored after that man. In whatever ecclesiastical assemblage I have been I have sought for information of his looks, his ways, his ability, from all who were likely to know. I hope he will pardon me if he ever comes across this note, but I have an inextinguishable desire to see or learn how a man stands it with such a name. He is reputed to be long, rather lank, and very fallow. And yet even to those who have met him he seems as mythical as the "Flying Dutchman" or the sperm whale "Moby Dick."

For the name of "Bilious Pond" I therefore claim a patent as original applicant to any good purpose. Can any of your correspondents show reason why I should be refused?

S. W. D.

Two onomatopoeic signs which none of our correspondents have mentioned are: "A. Keohle, Lock and Gunsmith," in New York; and "A. Schilling, Bell-hanger," on Ninth Street, Washington. A baker's wagon, also, pervades the streets of New York bearing the inscription, "Ginger & Lust, Bakers."

THE discussion originated in our columns by Bishop Cox, respecting the poem on the charge at Balaklava, appears at last to have brought the truth to light regarding its authorship. It appears that Alexander Smith has been erroneously credited with it by the pretended Manchester *Guardian*, whose assertion has deceived, among others, our correspondent "D. A. C." We quote from the *Mobile Register*, of Sunday, Aug. 5, and take occasion to add that our personal knowledge of Judge Meek was such as to justify us in warmly endorsing the opinion expressed in the concluding paragraph. It is certainly odd enough that such a blunder should have occurred; or, occurring, should have so long remained uncontradicted:

"The truth is that the poem in question was not written by Alexander Smith, of Manchester, but by the late Alexander B. Meek, of Mobile. The story of its origin has been told, if we are not mistaken, quite recently, in some southern journal. We have heard it more than once told by Judge Meek himself. We may not remember it with entire accuracy, but the substance of it was on this wise:

"Shortly after the publication of Tennyson's 'Charge of the Light Brigade,' in a conversation with some friends that occurred on Royal Street—where Meek was wont to hold his genial levees and to fling off the sparkling foam of his wit and wisdom—he volunteered to produce a poem in rivalry of Tennyson's, if some other hand would take charge of it and 'father' it upon Alexander Smith, whose 'Life Drama' was then at the very crest of its evanescent popularity. One of the company offered to do so. The challenge having been thus accepted, the poem was speedily produced and handed to the gentleman who was to usher it into existence. Under his auspices it was taken to some newspaper—we forget whether it was our neighbor the *Mobile Tribune*, or a paper issued in some other place—and published, with a credit to the Manchester *Guardian* (or Manchester Something-Else), and with an introduction, purporting to come from that paper, which said something about 'our gifted fellow-townsmen, the author of 'Life Drama,' etc., etc.

"There can be no doubt, however, as to the authorship. Judge Meek would have been the last man to claim a literary credit to which he was not entitled. Even if he had been capable of it, he certainly would not have been guilty of the absurdity of making the claim in an authorized edition of his works, published in the lifetime of the real author!"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: If it be true that "a thing of beauty be a joy for ever," you may not be averse to print in your excellent weekly the following lines, which your reproduction, in a late issue of "Balaklava," by Alexander Smith, has recalled to my mind.

H. MASSON.

WASHINGTON CITY, August 6, 1866.

AT BALAKLAVA.

"Charge!" rung a voice
Along the waiting lines,
Like sudden wind

That strikes the forest pines

And then drops dead upon the leaves it stirred,

So fell with a dead sound that cruel word.

Charge! why 't was wild!

Stern chieftains held their breath—

To make the braves of Albion

Charge the realms of Death!

"Charge!" rung that voice along the waiting ranks,

Then scabbards clashed against the chargers' flanks,

Then through the opening made

Rushed dauntless, undisarmed,

The flower of England's chivalry—

The gallant Light Brigade!

"Charge!"

And they charged, O God! thro' iron rain,
Through bursting shells and hissing balls,
Even to the Russian's fiery walls.

Braid them a wreath!
Behind they left a sickening train
Of heroes, mangled, dying, slain!

Braid them a wreath!
On, through scorching sheets of flame!
On where the muzzling cannons flashed!
Where hand-grenade and rocket crashed—
On, through sulphurous cloud and shell,
Into the purple heart of hell!
On, as if to victory they dashed
Instead of death! On! on they came
To immortality, and fame
That mocks the little tyranny of death!
O Britons! when your lips shall boast
Of field and sceptres you have won,
Of Waterloo and Wellington!
Oh, honor and reverence them most,
The flower of chivalry ye lost

At Balaklava!
And when ye pour the blood-red wine
Freely as 't were on mountain flood—
When chalices and hearts are brimmed,
O Britons! let your eyes be dimmed,
For free as wine ran martyr blood

At Balaklava!
Oh! who in after times can say
One man was bravest in the fray?
For all were heroes on that day

At Balaklava;
And "Light Brigade" shall deathless be
Upon the scroll of History,
And on the lips of Poesy!

CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON.

Boston, August 13, 1866.

THE Wilson press has just printed for the Massachusetts Historical Society their volume of Proceedings for 1865, which contains more than the usual matter of permanent interest. Under the presidency of Mr. Winthrop, and during the past ten years, the Historical Society has become, as an institution, alive to the requirements of its name, and by organized labor and a spirit of emulation, its contributions to archeological knowledge have been of increasing value. By a constitutional rule its members are limited to one hundred, and at present there is but one vacancy. The seniority, which was so long held by the late Josiah Quincy, is now represented in James Savage, a name intimately connected with the biographical history of New England. The venerable Dr. Jenks stands next on the list. The third is the Rev. Joseph B. Felt, for many years its librarian, and the historian of some localities within the early government of Salem. Prof. Ticknor stands next, with a long record of scholastic associations. Mr. Winthrop, whose name is so suggestive of the foundation of our commonwealth, comes fifth in the rank of membership. Our present minister to London is next in order. Rev. Dr. Ellis, of Charlestown, who finds time amid the cares of his pastorate for working in its interests with an attention not surpassed by any, follows. Hon. John C. Gray, one of its vice-presidents, and whose cultivation of literature has been too unostentatious for wide recognition, comes thus early among its members. I cannot enumerate many of those that follow, but some outside of Boston may have heard of Dr. Frothingham, for many years the head of the First Church, and his namesake the historian of Bunker's Hill and biographer of Warren. George S. Hillard has a scholarly reputation beyond ourselves. The graduates of Harvard will recognize in the name of John Langdon Sibley the librarian of the university. Bostonians, wherever they may be, know Dr. Shurtleff's claims as their antiquarian. Mr. Charles Deane is well known among the initiated for his devotion to kindred pursuits. Francis Parkman has chosen his themes as a historian beyond the domain of our local chronicles, and so has Lothrop Motley; but an early romance of the latter, with its scene among the revelers of Merry Mount, speaks for his youthful attachment to the annals of New England. Lorenzo Sabine well established his claim for membership as the historian of the loyalists of the Revolution. John S. Barry, by his history of Massachusetts, has put his name in the catalogues. Lucius Manlius Sargent has been well known in years past for his antiquarian chronicles. President Walker's name is an honored one, but rather in other spheres than in that of history. Dr. Holmes's best claim is in the fame of his father, the annalist, though the future historian can find one of the best pictures of our country life in "Elsie Venner." Mr. Longfellow has illustrated rather than depicted some features of our historical life. The Rev Dr. Hedge is fitted to adorn all departments by his learning. The venerated Dr. Bigelow has vindicated his title to membership by his recent protests against the neglect of our national associations in the routine of classical learning. Dr. Hol-

land's name may be more widely known as a *litterateur*, but his historical researches pertaining to the western part of our state have established his claim. The younger Dana is one of those men who can never be out of place anywhere where intellectual fitness is a necessity. Harvard graduates have learned to know Dr. Palmer as the painstaking necrologist of the alumni. Chief-Justice Bigelow, Caleb Cushing, Professor Parker, Professor Parsons, Judge Thomas, and Dr. Peabody, are men whose membership is an advantage. Both of the editors of the "North American Review" are on the society's roll. Edward E. Hale had manifested his zeal in Worcester, as a member of the American Antiquarian Society, before his removal to Boston opened the way to his recognition in this circle. Charles Folsom had too closely linked his name with most that is valuable in our historical literature to be passed by. The venerable Charles Sprague had the claims of a pioneer in our literary annals. Whittier's muse has long attested his interest in our early chronicles. Samuel Eliot and John Foster Kirk have annexed their names to histories well known of all. The latest selected member is the late Governor of the Commonwealth, John A. Andrew.

Among the honorary and corresponding members are many names of prominence on both sides of the ocean, like those of Alison, Earl Stanhope, Milman, Grote, and Goldwin Smith, of Great Britain; Guizot, Mignet, Gasparin, and Laboulaye, of France; and Kohl, of Germany. Among well-known Americans are Bancroft, Verplanck, Lenox, Catlin, Squier, Rives, Bryant, Dix, Seward, Samuel Osgood, Lieber, Kennedy, Marsh, Allibone, and Loessing. Parton's biographies, and W. V. Wells's life of his grandfather, Samuel Adams, have secured their election as latest among the whole.

The present volume of Proceedings covers the interval from October, 1864, to the close of the last year. Mr. Sibley contributes a long paper upon the triennial catalogues of Harvard University, marked by all the minutiae of statement for which he is well known, and states that the earliest summary of the graduates which has been discovered, was one first noted by Mr. Savage in 1862, and bearing date 1674, which is reprinted in this volume, together with some other broadsides of a later date, and these and others show that family precedence guided the order of the names down to the time of the agitation immediately preceding the outbreak of the Revolution in 1773. The change in the catalogues which made way for the dates of the deaths of the alumni was owing to the recommendation of Judge Story, and was first carried out, with as much accuracy as possible, in 1845, and the catalogue has since been constantly improved in that respect yearly. Dr. Appleton, the assistant librarian of the society, contributes a paper on the society's copy of the portrait of Sebastian Cabot, now the only authentic memorial—the original having long since been destroyed—and the writer rather inclines to the belief that the original could not have been painted by Holbein, as has been usually held.

A very extensive report of the meeting of the society at which the death of Mr. Everett was commemorated takes place under the date of January, 1865. It appears that his election to membership occurred at twenty-six, which gave him rank as second in seniority at the day of his death. The various commemorative speeches are given at length. Mr. Hillard speaks of his modesty and the ungenerous interpretation commonly put upon his want of animal spirits in later years as the result of constitutional coldness of heart; and ascribes to a moral grace the absence of invective and sarcasm so apparent in his addresses. Dr. Lathrop, the present occupant of the pulpit that Everett filled for his brief pastorate, devoted his remarks to that phase of his career. His old college chum, John C. Gray, testified to his unruffled temper through life. Other speeches followed from George Ticknor, ex-Governor Clifford, President Walker, of Harvard, and a poem by Dr. Holmes, while Whittier sent a letter.

Prof. Rafn, of Copenhagen, a corresponding member, having died during the year, it devolved upon Dr. Webb to commemorate him in a paper, in which he reviewed the position taken so well by the Scandinavian antiquary in favor of the discovery of our New England coast by the Northmen in the tenth century, and which, now that it has been so long before the public, has found no prominent skeptic but Mr. Bancroft, and has met the acceptance of Humboldt and many others. Dr. Webb had been a correspondent of the Danish antiquary for nearly thirty-five years, and the conclusion of his notice is made up of some interesting extracts from his letters.

A curious record takes place under the head of the annual meeting in April, 1865. A letter to the president informed him that the grave of Daniel Shays, in a little

village in Western New York, was in neglect, and the hope was expressed that the society would appropriate means for its care. The application was rather inopportune at a meeting where the recent assassination of President Lincoln was under consideration, and the culminating features of the suppression of the late rebellion were fresh in mind, and the memory of the leader of the only revolt within the commonwealth could hardly be cherished at that moment. It was voted to make no appropriation. The report of the librarian at the same meeting shows a collection of nearly 1,700 bound volumes in their possession, beside their pamphlets and valuable stores of manuscripts.

The most valuable part of the volume, in a historical sense, is a collection of letters written by one John Andrews in 1772-6, during and preceding the siege of Boston, which have been edited by Winthrop Sargent for this volume. The letters were first discovered by Capt. George Gibson, Jr., of the army, in 1859, at the arsenal in Philadelphia, among some papers which had apparently been deposited there for safe keeping, and through the hands of J. F. Fisher, of Philadelphia, they reached the cabinet of this society.

When John Forster published a year or two ago his "Life of Sir John Eliot," mention was made in it of a paper found among his manuscripts on New England colonization, which seemed to have been a subject of correspondence between him and John Hampden. Mr. Winthrop, incited by this and knowing the date corresponded with a time when his ancestor was occupied with the same thought, addressed a request to the Earl of St. Germans, the lineal descendant of Eliot, for a copy of this paper. It was furnished; and to Mr. Winthrop's surprise it was found to correspond very nearly with a draft of a paper on the same subject which had always been credited to Governor Winthrop's pen; and it is likely that while the project was in contemplation Winthrop's scheme had been submitted to several friends of the enterprise, Eliot among the number, and that this copy was made, while he was a prisoner in the Tower, for Hampden. This manuscript of Eliot is given in the present volume, and a fac-simile is given of the letter in which Hampden requested this copy made by Eliot.

Loring has issued two paper-covered volumes. One, "How I managed my House on £200 (\$1,000) a Year," by Mrs. Warren, is a trashy story, thought to be redeemed by a plentiful supply of fact and theory on domestic economy, which is said to have sold largely in England. The other is "Timothy Crump's Ward," a story of a foundling's fortune, scene laid in New York and Philadelphia, and fit for railway reading, if fit for anything. Ticknor & Fields issue this week the long-promised "Royal Truths," by H. W. Beecher, and the second series of Dr. Brown's "Spare Hours," each with a good portrait of the author. Roberts Brothers bring out the second edition of Miss Rossetti's poems. W.

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 13, 1866.

It is not very usual for publisher also to be author. Nevertheless, Henry C. Lea, of Sansom Street, medical publisher, has just issued a volume (pp. 407, post octavo) entitled "Superstition and Force: Essays on the Wager of Law, the Wager of Battle, the Ordeal, Torture." In a more condensed form the three first essays have already appeared in the "North American Review." I have had time to read only the essay on the "Wager of Battle," and must express my gratification in finding the subject so exhaustively treated. The authorities cited are very numerous, and Mr. Lea invariably "quotes chapter and verse." There is also that great boon—an unusually full index.

There is no mention in Allibone's "Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors" of George Eliot's works, but this is a pardonable omission, seeing that the first volume (the second is finished, and will appear about Christmas) was published in December, 1858, and most of it was stereotyped long before; and "Adam Bede," her first work of fiction which decidedly caught public attention, did not appear until the same year, too late for mention by Dr. Allibone. Previously, however, a serial, half story and half sketch, entitled "Scenes of Clerical Life," had appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine," and was published in a collective form in England, and also in this country by Harper & Brothers in their "Library of Select Novels." Long before this time, however, Marian Evans had obtained some literary reputation as joint-editor of the "Westminster Review," and was doubtless introduced into this position by her translation into English of Strauss's "Life of Jesus." This lady's father was a dissenting minister in Derbyshire, and she

was born, some forty-six years ago, in the north of England. Her father, who gave her a boy's education, made her fully mistress of the three great foreign tongues—German, French, and Italian. In "Romola" her familiarity with the literature and people of Italy is very evident, and, independent of other causes, explains how Mrs. Stowe's "Agnes of Sorrento," in which Savonarola is also introduced, is cold and lifeless by its side. The dates of her novels are: "Scenes of Clerical Life," 1857; "Adam Bede," 1858; "The Mill on the Floss," 1859; "Silas Warner, the Weaver of Ravenhoe," 1861; and "Romola," first printed as a serial in the "Cornhill Magazine," in 1863. It cannot be said that she writes too rapidly—six novels in ten years is not a very prolific rate of production when it is remembered that, in some years, besides performing his public duties as clerk of session and sheriff of Selkirkshire, Sir Walter Scott wrote three novels. I remember specially, in 1819, "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Legend of Montrose," and "Ivanhoe;" and, in 1823, "Peveril of the Peak," "Quentin Durward," and "St. Ronan's Well," besides the famous "Dissertation on Romance" for the supplement of the "Encyclopedia Britannica."

Noticing that your highly interesting article upon "The Burial of Sir John Moore," the best known of many poems written by the Rev. Charles Wolfe, is running the round of the country papers, I esteem myself fortunate in being able to communicate something new about that simple and touching monody. *I have actually seen the original manuscript*, which was laid before the Royal Hibernian Academy, about the year 1841, by Dr. John Anster, author of one of the best translations of "Faust" ever made "into English," and now registrar of the Irish Court of Admiralty, and also regius professor of civil law in Trinity College, Dublin. It was written on a half-sheet of letter-paper, and an account of its history, as an autograph, formed part of the published transactions of the R. I. Academy, which was illustrated by a lithographed facsimile of the poem itself.

The letter, as I remember, which communicated the poem to the author's friend, Mr. Taylor, was chiefly written on the turn-over ends of the paper—the side which contained the direction or address. It was written to John Sydney Taylor, who was Charles Wolfe's college cotemporary and warm friend. This Taylor, who was educated by Mr. Samuel White, the same schoolmaster who taught Richard Brinsley Sheridan and Thomas Moore, had an unusually brilliant course as undergraduate in Trinity College, Dublin, where he distinguished himself by his intimate knowledge of English as well as of classical literature, won every prize for English verse that he contended for, and was one of the most distinguished speakers in the famous Historical Society, then the nursery of Irish eloquence. Admitted to the English bar, he devoted his leisure time—abundant at first, as is the case with all barristers called "briefless"—and finally settled down as principal in the *Morning Herald*, then an able daily London paper. He retained this connection to the last, continuing it long after he had obtained a large practice at the bar—his object being to press upon the legislature and the public the necessity of reforming and mitigating the criminal code, and particularly of abolishing capital punishment. He died in 1841, at the early age of forty-five, overcome by the pressure of a vast torrent of law business, which poured down upon him; and a monument, subscribed for by the most eminent men of every party, was erected, with a suitable inscription, over his remains. This was the friend to whom Wolfe sent a copy of the monody, and he quitted Dublin for London late in 1816, within a few weeks of the date of the letter. As for the words, "Again I say, remember *Constantine*" (this word is not quite decipherable, being faded), I suspect that Charles Wolfe wrote *Considine*, who was a mutual friend.

The stanzas entitled "The Burial of Sir John Moore, who fell at the Battle of Corunna, in 1808," were first published in a Belfast newspaper. In the June number, being the third from its commencement, of "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine" (vol. i., p. 277), the poem is printed with the following editorial notice: "This little poem first appeared in some of the newspapers a few days ago. It is too beautiful not to deserve preservation in a safe repository; and we have accordingly inserted it among our original poems." This was creditable to Christopher North's good taste. From "Blackwood" the poem was generally circulated in Scotch and English newspapers.

Renewed attention was attracted to it by the publication, in 1824, of a volume, by Captain Medwin (one of Percy B. Shelley's relations), which he entitled "Conversations with Lord Byron." In the year 1823, Medwin became intimate with Byron, then living at Pisa, having been introduced by Shelley. He made a practice before he went to bed of recording his recollections, while they

were fresh, of his noble and poetical host's table-talk. Many errors were pointed out in Medwin's book, but there is no doubt that many of these were Byron's own—whether accidentally, wilfully, or with the view of mystifying his guest—and that the "Conversations," as reported, were very much in the tone of Byron's later manner. The so-called "Conversations" with Byron, reported by Lady Blessington, were evidently manufactured out of letters and journals which Moore published. She met Byron only three times in his life.

Medwin reported that one evening, when the conversation ran upon modern lyrics, Byron went into the next room, thence brought a volume from which he read, with earnestness and effect, the very stanzas on "The Burial of Sir John Moore" about which I now am writing, and said he thought they were admirable. On being asked as to the authorship, he said he did not know, but had thought the poem might have probably been written by Campbell, only that he could not see why, if so, he should not have claimed it. Medwin's impression at the time was that Byron was the author, but that, having praised the poem in the first instance, he did not like to claim it when his guests admired it.

Medwin's notice of the poem, which he reprinted, created a desire to ascertain who wrote it. Various contemptible scoundrels claimed the authorship, particularly a Doctor Marshall, of York, who took pains to describe the circumstances under which he wrote it, but the public curiosity was satisfied by a declaration from the Rev. John A. Russell, chaplain to the Viceroy of Ireland, and curate of St. Werburgh's, Dublin, another of Charles Wolfe's college friends, that Wolfe was the author, and none other. In 1825, this Mr. Russell published, in two volumes 12mo, "Remains of the late Rev. Charles Wolfe, A.B., Curate of Donoughmore, Diocese of Armagh, with a brief Memoir of his Life." Wolfe was born in 1791, was ordained in 1817, and died of consumption in February, 1823, at the Cove of Cork, now called Queens-town. In Dublin University, where he graduated, he received many academical honors, including a prize for a poem on Jugurtha. He was chosen to deliver the opening speech before the Historical Society—a distinction which was never conferred but on a man of eminence.

In the review in "Blackwood" on "Wolfe's Remains and Memoir," the critic concluded with a request that Mr. Russell would give the proofs that Wolfe did write "The Burial of Sir John Moore." In the following month (April, 1826) Mr. Russell stated his own personal knowledge of the fact (which had also been affirmed in letters in the newspapers by Dr. Miller, of Trinity College, Dublin, and also by John Sydney Taylor and others), and adds that Wolfe wrote it out for him (Mr. Russell) "very soon after it was completed, expressly avowing himself the author." The Rev. S. O. Sullivan, another Dublin clergyman, mentioned "that the poem alluded to was commenced one evening in his company by Mr. Wolfe—that the occasion which gave rise to it was a passage which he had just read aloud from the 'Edinburgh Annual Register,' and that the first and last stanzas were actually composed in the course of the same evening, and were recited for him by the author before he had committed them to paper. The other stanzas he completed within a very short time after." All this, even without the certain testimony of the stanzas in Wolfe's own handwriting, fixes the authorship upon him.

In a weekly publication called the *Bee*, appeared a copy of the poem in ten stanzas—the two following, referring to Marshal Soult's having raised a monument, being put last:

"And there let him rest, though the foe should raise,
In zeal for the fame they covet,
A tomb or a trophy to swell the praise
Of him who has soared above it.

"By Englishmen's feet when the turf is trod,
On the breast of their hero pressing,
Let them offer a prayer to England's God,
For him who was England's blessing."

It was conjectured that Wolfe might have supplemented the original poem, after he had heard of Soult's noble conduct, with these additional lines. Dr. Anster, however, is inclined to question their authenticity.

The fugitive poems in Wolfe's "Remains" are mostly inferior to his celebrated Ode—one of the felicitous things, struck off in a heat, which arrest the attention at once and for ever. There is one very touching poem, however, which is an exception to the general inconsequence of Charles Wolfe's occasional verses. Here it is:

"If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be:
It never through my mind had past,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more.

"And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak—thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid,
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!"

"If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been,
When e'en thy chill bleak corpse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave,
And now I am alone!"

"I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me!
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee.
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As Fancy never could have drawn
And never can restore!"

Wolfe was asked whether these verses, so sad and tender, had been suggested by any real circumstance, and answered that he had been sitting alone, at twilight eve, crooning over to himself the Irish air "Gramachree," and its melancholy entered into his soul until he was relieved by a flood of tears, on the subsidence of which he rapidly wrote the stanzas. They can be sung to the air in question.

By the way, as mention is made in the Wolfe article of a statue of "Lady Doneraile, famous as having been the only female freemason," let me say that the lady thus famous was Elizabeth St. Leger, eldest daughter of the first Viscount Doneraile and wife of Richard Aldworth, Esq., of Newmarket, County of Cork, Ireland. She was ancestor of Lola Montez's mother, who was one of the Silver-Oliver family. Mrs. Aldworth really was initiated, and her portrait, often engraved, used to hang (for I have seen it there) in the supper-room of a mason's lodge, at Fishamble Lane, in the city of Cork. R. S. M.

SCOTLAND.

HELENSBURGH, Scotland, July 29, 1866.

THIS little village, at which I have paused for a day or two, is beautifully situated on the Clyde. It was established as a watering-place by Sir James Colquhoun in 1777. It has not, however, a single bathing-house. The Scotch fashion is for the men to pull off on the shore and go in naked. The children of both sexes do the same, it being nothing uncommon to see a party of girls as old as ten or twelve paddling about in a state of entire nudity. Females older than that carry with them to the beach a portable bathing-house in the shape of a large cloak or shawl, with which they envelop themselves from head to foot, and under which one dress is doffed (or "done-off") and another donned (or "done-on-ed"). I have never been in a more primitive Scottish village. Every evening at six the curfew is rung, which the philological reader will remember means "cover fire," and it still occasions a general vacation of the streets by youngsters. The accommodations in this as in all other small Scotch towns are unspeakably distressing. It is hard to get a table to sit at or a pillow for one's head. One has also frequent occasion to remember Charles Lamb's declaration, that if a Scotchman saw a shilling on the other side of hell he would be sure to jump at it. They are still the barelegged, barefooted race that they were represented to be in the oldest accounts of them. How a shoemaker manages to exist hereabout I cannot imagine. The women wash clothes just as Clough describes in the *Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*:

"Matching their lily-white legs with the clothes that they trod in the washtub."

Nearly everybody has red hair, that outward symbol of what the Roman historian called the *perferendum ingenuum Sotorum*. The streets swarm with women. Everywhere a woman, and every woman has a baby in her arms and a file of slightly elder ones in her train. You can infallibly, it is said, tell how many years a woman has been married by counting these children. Nevertheless marriage is not the most popular institution in Scotland, as statistics show. They do not stand upon ceremony, not even that of marriage. Nevertheless they certainly do keep the Sabbath. The Sabbath in the country districts of Scotland is simply a day struck out of the week. It is as if everybody was hiding for fear of being waylaid. A dead stillness reigns; the human race disappears; the air is heavy with silence; there is no boat—neither steamer nor sail—on the entire surface of the Clyde; you cannot get a few miles without special conveyance, and it is doubtful if you find even a stabler godless enough to let you have one. But it seems to me

that the effect of this hard Sunday is to make a mischievous reaction throughout the rest of the week. When Mr. Beecher spoke once of a certain class who seemed to think that the Sabbath is a kind of sponge with which to wipe out all the sins of the week, he must have been alluding to the entire Scottish nation. "When the saint's day is over, farewell the saint." When the Scotch Sabbath is over, farewell to the parson and his sermon. On the whole, the byways and ruralities of Scotia may safely be admired from a distance. Even a week's intimacy with them interprets the old saying, "that no Scotchman ever returns to Scotland."

There is, however, that never-failing resource in Scotland to which the traveler may turn from his personal petty grievances. Every field, every hill, has some monument of the heroic past. Not far from this stands the old Dumbarton Castle, on the top of another grand castle of rock which nature herself built in the ages when the war of elements was preparing the way for the wars of Scottish braves. Dumbarton Rock rises superbly from the junction of the Leven and the Clyde to a height of 590 feet, measuring one mile in circumference, and terminating in two points, one a little higher than the other. It was here that Wallace was imprisoned, and the highest part of the rock is still called "Wallace's Seat." In the castle the main things are "Wallace's Tower" and a huge two-handed sword, which is said to have been once wielded by that patriot. During the wars under the reign of Queen Mary, Captain Crawford, of Jordanhill, an adherent of the King, took this apparently impregnable castle by an interesting stratagem. "Taking advantage of a misty and moonless night," says the history, "to bring to the foot of the castle rock the scaling ladders which he had provided, he chose for his terrible experiment the place where the rock was highest, and where, of course, less pains were taken to keep a regular guard. This choice was fortunate; for the first ladder broke with the weight of the men who attempted to mount, and the noise of the fall must have betrayed them had there been any sentinel within hearing. Crawford, assisted by a soldier who had deserted from the castle, and who was acting as his guide, renewed the attempt in person, and

having scrambled up a projecting ledge of rock where there was some footing, contrived to make fast the ladder by tying it to the roots of a tree which grew about midway up the rock. Here they found a small flat surface, sufficient however to afford footing to the whole party, which was very few in number. In scaling the second precipice another accident took place. One of the party, subject to epileptic fits, was seized by one of these attacks, brought on perhaps by terror, while he was in the act of climbing up a ladder. His illness made it impossible for him either to ascend or descend. To have slain the man would have been a cruel expedient, beside that the fall of his body from the ladder might have alarmed the garrison. Crawford caused him, therefore, to be tied to the ladder, then all the rest descending they turned the ladder, and thus mounted with ease over the belly of the epileptic person. When the party gained the summit they slew the sentinel ere he had time to give the alarm, and easily surprised the sleeping garrison, who had trusted too much to the security of their castle to keep good watch."

But even this is not the highest kind of interest. Crawford's exploit is not such a credit to Dumbarton neighborhood, as the fact that near it—at the village of Alexandria—Smollett was born. Just opposite, too, the window of the room where I am writing, and within ten minutes' sail, is Greenock, where James Watt was born, and where Burns's Highland Mary was buried. Nay, one may well be more interested in the fact that he is close to Lanark, where Robert Owen began his studies of the millennium, than that over that big rock yonder, called "Wallace's Leap," a lying myth declares that the said W., hotly pursued, once leaped into the loch and swam to safety on the opposite shore. One may find, too, some food for meditation in seeing, a mile away, the superb mansion of the great builder of blockade-runners of the Confederacy, Mr. Napier, and reflecting that slavery has done better for him (apparently) for his services to it than the sterling love of liberty has done for the Duke of Argyll, whose modest but beautiful residence—Rose-nest Castle—stands on the point of land between the Frith and Gareloch, a mile from this.

In closing this last letter that I shall write you from

the North Country, and before leaving Scotland, I should say that the manners and customs of the lower classes are not altogether disagreeable. It is, indeed, a considerable compensation for much discomfort, that one finds every evening male and female minstrels—generally a violinist and a woman's voice—singing sweetly all the Scottish ballads. These are the only concerts the people have here, and they gather around these minstrels in large crowds, nearly all giving a penny or halfpenny. There is a woman who sings every evening under our window, who has such a beautiful voice that I am sure it would have made her fortune had she been born in Italy. She sings, without ever getting out of voice, the dear old ballads of her country, and with an indescribable pathos. She is seemingly the daughter of a gray-haired old man who goes about with and accompanies her voice tenderly with his violin. She is about twenty years of age, and has a sweet homely Scotch lassie's face, and an unpretending garb. No orator ever moved a crowd more than she did when last night she sang "Highland Mary." A fashionably dressed woman, passing with her husband on the street, had paused to listen to the singing. She then came forward through the hundreds who had collected, slipped a coin into the singer's hand, and then whispered something in her ear. It was probably a request that she should sing "Highland Mary." At any rate, the minstrel broke forth with that charming old hymn of human love just blooming into the love divine, and poured her whole soul into it. Each note seemed to float up winged into the moonlight; every noise was hushed all along the street, and the very surges of the Frith seemed to pause. As she went on many a tear must have been born in the silence, and many a heart been thrilled. When it was over, nearly every one came forward with his or her tribute—even the children with their halfpence. Throughout the country the old ballad tunes and the music of Burns are still sung with accuracy and feeling by the working-people. The fishing-people, particularly, sing them all the day long. I have often had occasion, roaming about Scotland, to remember the best thing that George Gilfillan ever said—that Robert Burns had set the pulses of the human heart to music.

M. D. C.

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